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WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. V., No. 2.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

[*Concluded.*]

Fr. Barbelin's early studies were pursued amid the feverish excitement of the then troubled state of France. From boyhood he was desirous of devoting himself to the missions of the New World under the auspices of the Society of Jesus; and with the consent of his Director, another uncle or cousin, he made a vow to that effect. The only obstacle to the accomplishment of his ardent wishes was the opposition of a mother, who, holy as she was, could not reconcile herself to the thought of parting with the son who had been the sunshine of her heart. Here was a dilemma for the pious youth. God, through the silent voice of the Spirit that breatheth where He willeth and the living voice of his spiritual guide, calls him to the New World, there to labor for the greater glory of God, and, at

the same time, the voice of God's Word and the voice of Christian instruction tell him: "Hearken to thy father who begot thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old:" "Children, obey in the Lord your parents: for this is just." He was indeed perplexed; but he had recourse to his usual refuge and comfort, holy prayer. Every morning, when at home, he would hie away to the parish church and there, before a beautiful painting of the *Mater Salvatoris*, beg her assistance, saying: "Mother of my dear God and Saviour, inspire my loved mother to give her son to thy Son." Could Mary refuse such a prayer? It was well the young levite should be tried, and tried he was for years. At length on the last day of a novena made in honor of our Mother's Immaculate Conception to obtain the wish of his heart, his mother sent for him, and gave him her consent and blessing. "Dearest son," said she, "the only sorrow you have ever caused me is the desire of leaving me and going away thousands of miles, where my dying eyes will not rest upon your loved features. I had hoped to see you a holy priest, like your uncles and cousins, laboring for the good of your countrymen. But I know, son, 'he who loveth father and mother better than Me, is not worthy of Me, and he who loveth son and daughter more than Me, is not worthy of Me. And he who doth not take up his cross and follow after Me, is not worthy of Me.' God has willed that you should sojourn in a strange country; go, my son."

No second permission was required. A short visit of thanksgiving to his God and to the Mediatrix, and then a few hours sufficed for his hasty preparations; and before night he was on his way to Paris;—not that he was in haste to leave the dear ones he loved and who loved him, but he feared lest his mother's courage should fail and she should withdraw her permission.

A few months later he landed in Norfolk, Va., where he met the Rev. Alexander Hitzelberger, afterwards his brother in Religion. On January 7th, 1831, he entered the

Novitiate at Whitemarsh, under the kind and judicious guidance of Fr. Fidelis Grivel. Only three of his fellow novices are living, Fr. Augustine Bally, Superior of the Mission at Goshenhoppen, Mr. Charles Lancaster, Procurator of the Province of Maryland, and Rev. Peter Havermans, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Troy, N. Y. He was raised to the priesthood on the Festival of the Seven Dolors, September 22, 1835, and stationed at Georgetown College, as teacher of French and assistant prefect. It was about this time that the great rebellion took place among the students, and so great was the respect, even of the rebels, for the little French Prefect, that he could move among them freely, though it was dangerous for the others.

In 1836 he was made assistant to Fr. Lucas at Holy Trinity Church, Georgetown. I have many times heard him laugh about the first marriage he blessed—that of two paupers at the District alms house.

I have often wondered what gave Fr. Barbelin so great an influence over children and won for him their affection. Love, we are told, begets love. Fr. Barbelin had no spontaneous love for little ones. With a few exceptions, he took no delight in the presence of children: it was rather irksome to him. But he had read the words of Jesus: "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto Me: for the kingdom of heaven is for such." And he not only suffered, but endeavored to induce them to come. And this was the secret of Fr. Barbelin's great labors for the young, that he might entice them to the way of the Lord, knowing that if, unfortunately, in mature life, they might wander from the straight path, there were greater hopes of their return to the narrow way than if they had never walked in it. His sacerdotal experience had shown him that not unfrequently the chord that has lain unstrung for years, has been struck to tuneful vibration by the sight of a child with its hands joined in simple earnest prayer: that the lips that had forgotten the saving name of Jesus, save to

blaspheme, had been lured to canticles of praise by the sweet accents of a favorite daughter singing her "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give you my heart :" that many a cursing father has been made a man of prayer by the dying look of a cherished son, and many a prayerless mother has been led to the house of God by the hand of a Sunday School child. Tell me not that there is no benefit in Sunday Schools save to keep children from attending those of our misled brethren. I tell you, with Fr. Barbelin, that the influence there brought to bear upon them will bring forth effects when you and they and I have long been forgotten. "Make the Sunday School attractive," was his motto. For this purpose he employed every allurement, held out every enticement, pictures and medals, processions, sodalities and hymns. "Let the young praise the name of the Lord," he would say. "Be filled with the Holy Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord," may we imagine him to have often repeated to his own heart. Before his coming, the recitation of the Catechism was the ordinary routine of the Sunday School. One of his first improvements was his opening and closing hymns, and these together with his interesting pious histories soon collected around him those whose children now crowd our benches. No one could tell a legend as he. It was not that his language was eloquent, it was broken—it was not that his gestures were graceful, we were not aware that we noticed them—but when he spoke, the whole man spoke —face, hands, arms, feet, every golden hair seemed to have a tongue of its own, and while he watched every shade upon the hundred little innocents' faces upturned to his —he seemed to forget self and to be the hero or the heroine he portrayed so exquisitely. He began a history on one Sunday, and when we hung breathlessly upon his words : "Well, I see the time is up—I will tell you how young Pancratius won some of those very naughty

boys away from Paganism and made them Christians, next Sunday," broke the spell, and we returned to ourselves with a sigh of relief, if with an expression of disappointment. "I wish it was always this Sunday and never next Sunday," once said a little boy of nine. So would he continue his serials, for two, three, and even five or six Sundays, generally beginning a new one on the day he concluded an old one: and it seldom happened that a child that heard one commenced failed to hear it concluded. Do you wonder he drew the children around him? Why do bees gather around flowers? So did we crowd around the little French priest who told the stories—because he furnished to us the food our better natures craved for.

Fr. Barbelin was not naturally a prayerful man, but the written guide of man told him, "all things whatever ye shall ask in prayer with faith, ye shall receive." His good parents had taught him from childhood, that "the continual prayer of a just man availeth much;" and from boyhood he had been accustomed to betake himself to "prayer and supplication, praying always in spirit, and watching in it with all earnestness and entreaty," and in manhood prayer became a second nature to him. He fell to sleep with the beads in his hand and Mary's name on his lips, and he awakened with the "*Laudetur Jesus Christus in sæcula sæculorum*," as the natural tribute of his tongue. No enterprise was undertaken without being sanctified by prayer, and every doubt was laid before God in its hours,—it commenced recreation and it finished labor. One moment he spoke with men upon the affairs of the world as they affected their salvation, the next he was speaking to God about the things of Heaven as they affected his own safety and that of those entrusted to his care. Yes, he was a man of prayer, it was his support under bodily ills, his consolation in mental trials. Crosses and contradictions came, but with the Psalmist did he say: "Instead of making me a return of love, they oppose me: but I will give myself to prayer."

Nor was Fr. Barbelin naturally meek and forgiving. From his father he inherited a temper not the coolest, and like his mother, his will was to be bent only by spiritual motives. But in his pious readings he found: "The patient man is better than the valiant: and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh cities." For him it was not easy to forgive an insult; sensitive almost to excess, an injustice rankled in his mind for years—jealous of his authority, he saw disrespect where none was thought of; still when the old man would rise within him, he knelt before his crucifix and pondered the threat of Him who was meek and humble of heart: "If ye will not forgive men, neither will your Father forgive you your offences." And though it was difficult to forget, he did forgive and exhibited no signs of resentment.

Prudence seemed his strong point: "wisdom and prudence abounded in him." Well he knew that in this sublunar sphere we are "as sheep in the midst of wolves;" and he remembered the admonition of Jesus: "Be ye therefore wary as serpents and guileless as doves." His religious and ecclesiastical superiors placed the greatest confidence in his judgment; they and others frequently sought his advice. In an especial manner was this prudence shown in the Sacred Tribunal. He may not have had an abundant flow of scholastic terms, but when consulted about a case of conscience, his solution would not be found to disagree with St. Liguori, or Voit, or Gury, or his favorite Busenbaum. Clergyman had access to him at all times. He had no particular time for any particular class of penitents, but at the appointed time great must be his sickness if he were not one of the first to enter the "healing box" and one of the last to leave it. Many a time has he been carried down two flights of stairs to take his place for hours to listen to the sins, and sorrows, and trials, and efforts, and successes of his fellow pilgrims, and when, at ten o'clock, he was carried up again, his sighs could be heard throughout all the

house. In so great estimation was he held as a prudent director of souls, that when Bishop Kenrick received the despatch, transferring him to the Archiepiscopal See of Baltimore, in his hasty preparation for departure, he took time to write notes to some of his penitents advising them to choose Fr. Barbelin as the director of their consciences. "The wise in heart shall be called prudent: and he that is sweet in words shall attain to great things."

"Let your modesty be known to all men," is the advice of the great Apostle to the Philippians. If in one quality Father Barbelin stood preëminently conspicuous, it was in that virtue which numbers us among the hundred and forty-four thousand, who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth,—the first fruits to God. Never was an action seen, never a word heard from him which was not adorned with the charm of innocence.

He delighted in a joke, and could relate one with humor, although he sometimes failed, as when, with all solemnity he proposed the conundrum: "what little *black* berry is that which is red when it is green?" But his anecdotes were always of the nature that give pleasure to a refined mind, and if any other were related in his presence, he not only did not appreciate it, but he did not seem to understand it.

In the Confessional he could direct with delicacy, prudence and success, the most leprous conscience; but once outside of it he was as ignorant as an infant of all the misery of the world. Nor is this surprising in one who, in the midst of the distractions of daily life, frequently raised his heart with the aspiration: "*Virgo Virginum, ora pro nobis!*" and while discussing some engrossing topic, would turn his head aside to whisper the prayer: "*Mater Purissima, succurre mihi!*" When asked the most powerful means of driving away the dangerous assaults of the enemy, his answer was: avoid the occasions, pray, invoke and imitate the "Virgin without spot."

His devotion to our holy Mother the Society, and to his Religious brethren was unbounded. He would not willingly have resigned his title of member of the Society of Jesus for all the dignity of the purple. It was enough for one to be a member of our loved Society, to find a place in the heart of Fr. Barbelin, and to receive from him a warm welcome to all he had to give.

He considered that men should be enticed, not driven, to virtue. So he endeavored to make "all her ways beautiful and all her paths peaceable." Hence his sodalities, his excursions, his sociable gatherings, his processions, his little altars; so that the year was one beautiful rosary of novenas: and that he did thereby gain souls for God, none who knew him will deny.

Father Barbelin was not a saint by nature; he had his temptations and his faults. For men he had his likings and his strong dislikes. The regularity of the Religious life was never agreeable to him. In the last year of his life he said: "I have been nearly forty years in the Society, and rising at five is as difficult to me now as the day I entered." But when the busy enemy gave him no peace even in his latter days, he consoled himself with the words of St. James: "Blessed is the man who suffereth trial; for when he hath been proved he shall receive the crown of life, which God hath promised to those who love Him." With all his little imperfections he was the "beloved of God and men;" and when he calmly expired on the evening of June 8th, 1869, the loud lamentations, yea, the cries of agonizing bereavement that rose in St. Joseph's Church, as the muffled bell tolled his requiem, proclaimed that his name was held in benediction.

It was about 10 o'clock P. M. that his agony commenced; there knelt around his bed, as the prayers for the dying were being recited, our good Father Provincial, with the Fathers and Brothers of the Residence. At the same time the boys in the room below, and the pupils in the female

Academy, in their rooms, were reciting the Rosary of the *Consolatrix Afflictorum*, for their beloved father. He continued in his agony until 7.55, when he expired.

The news of his death spread rapidly through the city, and even in the suburbs people were heard loudly weeping; and when interrogated as to the cause, they answered: "Father Barbelin is dead, we have lost our father! Father Barbelin is dead!" So great was the number who hastened at once to kiss his venerated remains, that it was necessary to place a guard at the door. Among the first to visit him was Rev. George Strobel, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, whom Fr. Barbelin had received into our holy Church. He knelt at his feet and wept like a child.

The next morning at 8.30, a Mass of Requiem was sung; some of the principal singers of the city formed the choir, and the number of communions was great indeed. Again on the morning of the 10th, another Mass was sung, the body being present, though not exposed; and again the sacred table was crowded.

Towards noon the remains were exposed on a raised platform, in the sanctuary, and before the pulpit he had adorned with such exquisite taste, and from which he had distributed the food of wholesome doctrine for so many years. Placid and smiling, there lay the guide of our boyhood and our youth; the friend of our early and of our later manhood: and while the sweet music of his accents still lingered in our ears, we imagined we could hear him say: "and now we will finish with some prayers to the Blessed Virgin—remember poor sinners and the suffering souls."

Yes, there he lay, where so oft he had knelt—before those little temporary shrines he loved to have erected in honor of the saints. Do you wonder that Protestants, mingling with God's people, did as they did? knelt and kissed his feet, while many a heart felt as never before, the appropriateness of the words of the fire-touched tongue:

"How beautiful the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth peace: of him that showeth forth good, that preacheth salvation."

The crowds that visited the Church during that gloriously sad day, were simply innumerable. They resembled the ocean billows, one gave way but to be followed by another. Still, owing to the admirable arrangements of the gentlemen of the Sodalities, Sunday School, and Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, there was no disorder. It has been stated that, in that one day, over one hundred thousand persons were in a church which will not hold a thousand: and yet, not an incident occurred to distract the most devout. During the afternoon, various Sodalities and Confraternities visited the Church and sang their solemn strains. But the little ones seemed to think that, by right, belonged to them that sadly pleasing duty; and if we had permitted it, they would have been but too happy to spend the afternoon there, raising their sweet little voices in "Oh pray for the dead," and

> "O turn to Jesus, Mother, turn,
> And call Him by His sweetest names;
> Pray for the holy souls that burn
> This hour amid the cleansing flames."*

At 5 o'clock on the morning of the 11th the Propitiatory Sacrifice was again offered for the soul of the departed. For more than an hour before, a large crowd had been waiting at the entrance of the church, and during the many Masses that followed at the three altars, there was no lack of weeping.

The *Age* of Saturday, June 12, 1869, says:

"Obsequies of Rev. Father Barbelin—*An Immense Funeral — Impressive Ceremonies at the Cathedral.*— The great esteem in which the late Felix J. Barbelin, S. J., Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, was held by the people of this city, was fully manifested in the concourse of adults and

* Fr. Faber.

children that assembled about Third and Fourth streets and Willing's Alley, at an early hour yesterday morning, to assist in the last Christian ceremony and tribute of respect to their departed pastor and friend. At 5 o'clock, Requiem Mass was celebrated at S. Joseph's, at the conclusion of which preparations were commenced for the funeral. It required considerable time to arrange the numerous schools and societies in order, but by quarter past 8 o'clock the work was accomplished, and at that time the funeral moved into Walnut street by Fourth street, out Walnut to Eighteenth street, and thence to the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul. The solemn procession extended for many squares and attracted the attention of thousands of persons as it marched slowly to the Cathedral. Along the streets through which it passed the windows of many houses were bowed as a mark of respect to the deceased. The funeral moved in the following order:

Society of the Christian Doctrine.

Male children of St. Joseph's Sunday and Parish Schools, under the direction of their teachers.

Pupils of St. Joseph's Academy with the Sisters of the Institution.

Girls of St. Joseph's Sunday and Parish Schools in charge of their teachers; attired in white dresses with black ribbon at the waist.

Ladies' Branch of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, of St. Joseph's.

Young Men's Branch of St. Joseph's Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.

Men's Branch of the Same Society.

Students of St. Joseph's College.

Philopatrian Literary Institute of Philadelphia.

St. Joseph's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul.

Congregation of St. Joseph's Parish.

Delegations from St. Vincent de Paul's Society, as follows:

Cathedral Conference; St. Paul's; St. Augustine's; St. Philip's; St. Theresa's; St. James'; St. Malachi's; St. Michael's; St. Patrick's; St. Agnes' of West Chester; and St. Francis'.

Then followed representations from the numerous Catholic congregations throughout the city.

The remains were exposed to view as the funeral passed along and the solemnity of the occasion was thereby greatly increased. A guard of honor, consisting of prominent members of the Young Men's Sodality of St. Joseph's surrounded the funeral car.

Following the hearse, were carriages containing the assistant priests of the late pastor, and the clergy of this city. The right of the funeral column reached the Cathedral about quarter past nine o'clock, and entered by the main doorway, the seats in the nave of the great edifice having been reserved for those who formed the procession. After all the societies had entered, the body was taken from the hearse, carried up the main aisle and placed upon a magnificent catafalque, which was surrounded by pedestals of marble, rich vases containing natural flowers, beautiful candelabra and rows of lighted tapers. At the head of the coffin stood an ivory crucifix. Long before the funeral had started from St. Joseph's, that portion of the Cathedral, unreserved, was filled with people, and many were required to remain upon the street for several hours, the mighty structure being incapable of containing all who wished to enter it. After the doors of the Cathedral were closed, the clerical vestments were laid upon the deceased priest, and a golden chalice with paten was placed in his hands. Rt. Rev. Bishop Wood then entered the Sanctuary, followed by the clergy and the seminarians of the diocese. The solemn office of the dead was recited, the Rt. Rev. Bishop presiding. Near 11 o'clock, A. M. solemn Pontifical Mass of requiem was commenced, during which Rev. Michael O'Connor, of St. Ignatius' Church, Baltimore, preached the funeral sermon; taking for his text: 'The patient man is better than the valiant, and he who ruleth his own spirit better than he who taketh cities.'—Prov., xvi. He began by saying that pomp and honors would seem to be nowhere so much out of place as in the presence of death; because in death is shown the vanity of all things. The proudest

of men and all things earthly, pass away as bubbles before it; and yet, the feeling which induces us to honor the virtues of the dead must have its legitimate effect. It is the great virtues of the departed one which have caused the deep feeling of regret at his death which pervades this enlightened city, which has brought this vast multitude around his remains, and calls forth this homage. While I feel entirely inadequate to explain the character of Fr. Barbelin, I feel that some reference thereto is requisite on this occasion. Whatever is said in his praise at this time, I know will be but the expression of all here assembled. Among the thousands and tens of thousands who knew the departed, there is not one who can remember him otherwise than with the deepest affection and respect. There are none who knew him, but who believe that every word and act of his was prompted by the strictest virtue. After a rapid sketch of Fr. Barbelin's early life, the speaker continued: How he entered upon every duty belonging to his sacred office, and continually extended his good works, you who knew him can all bear testimony. Seeking God only, and for the sake of God, he labored diligently for the welfare of all men. It would be doing injustice to allow this sad occasion to pass without making some mention of the great works of our departed friend. The foremost of his labors was devotion to the children, by his zeal and gentleness leading them to virtue. In that little church of St. Joseph's, his zealous efforts brought around him each Sunday, from 1,500 to 2,000 boys and girls to chant the praises of God. He labored for them because he loved them — because he saw in them that holy innocence which he labored to keep untarnished. There is nothing that can take the place of love; and where christian love exists it is a lever which effects wonderful works. It was this love which so closely bound together Father Barbelin and the children of his church. I recollect having seen him in a distant parish, where children were being prepared for

confirmation. At first, the children were struck with awe by the presence of the strange priest; but as the gentle voice and manners of Fr. Barbelin were unfolded, the faces of the children brightened, and they warmed up to genuine affection for the stranger. An instance of the love existing between Fr. Barbelin and the children who knew him, was shown in the case of a lost child, which occurred a few years ago. The wandering little boy could tell nothing of his name, parents or home, and after repeated efforts to learn something that might lead to his return to his parents, a lady chanced to ask him whether he did not remember the name of any body. In a moment he replied: "I know Fr. Barbelin," and that reply led to the finding of the lost child's home.

It was Fr. Barbelin who founded those Sodalities, which now unite the young of both sexes in devotional exercises; and that good work, commenced in St. Joseph's, has extended throughout this diocese, and become general throughout the Church.

As in his love for children, so in many other good works, Fr. Barbelin took a leading part. The Hospital of St. Joseph's may solely be considered the result of his labors. Years ago, when the dread pestilence, the ship-fever, was striking down the people of the lower part of this city, Fr. Barbelin labored zealously to relieve them; and then it was that the idea of the present Hospital originated with him. He labored for God, and for God only, and was esteemed by the high and the humble. He accomplished great works by the power of his well known virtues. He was not what might be termed brilliant in the performance of his labors; and it was only the power of virtues, simply expressed, which gave him a place in the hearts of the people. It is by such that the virtuous man is greater than the valiant. I say to you, then, imitate him by loving all with whom you come in contact—imitate his virtues. To the Reverend clergy, I would on this occasion suggest

the value of renewing our love for God, and through love for God, renew our love for our people. Though we may all be engaged in various pursuits, let us remember that virtue survives the shock of death. May that day which ends our earthly labors, bring us all to God to receive the reward of virtue and good works. Through that bond of union which God has ordained in our Church, let us perform such devotional works as may benefit the departed, and be of service to ourselves."

After the Pontifical Mass, the absolution followed, and at 2, P. M., the funeral train left the Cathedral and passed to St. Joseph's Cemetery, where the body was interred in the presence of many thousand people. In so great respect was he held even by Protestants, that on the day of his funeral work was suspended on the great Masonic Temple to allow the artisans and laborers to be present at the obsequies.

After the funeral ceremonies, the Bishop of the diocese, well pleased with the respect shown to the Apostle of Philadelphia, remarked: "If this Cathedral had been built for this occasion alone, the money would have been well expended." On the next day I met one of the leading parsons of the Episcopal church. He stopped, and in the course of conversation, remarked: "Father, there was no need of any sermon in the Cathedral yesterday, the sight of those children was eulogy enough for one man."

On the evening of the 25th of July, the Particular Conference of St. Vincent de Paul met in the basement of the Church, when the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler delivered a most eloquent discourse upon Fr. Barbelin as "The sincere man," concluding with these words: Oh! how all the life of Fr. Barbelin illustrated the character of a christian gentleman. How his death, peaceful, confiding, submissive, illustrates the power of christian faith.

> "He taught us how to live, and oh, too high
> The price of knowledge, taught us how to die."

We mourn our loss, but we fail to comprehend his infinite gain. We, my brethren, "are of the earth, earthy," and in this life we walk by faith, whose light is dimmed by the impurity on which it rests; but Fr. Barbelin is of Heaven, Heavenly, and with affections and views all purified, all sanctified,

—"He walks with God,
High in salvation and the climes of bliss."

Immediately after his death, there was a movement made to raise a suitable monument in the quadrangle near the Church, and to beautify the Cemetery where his remains repose. Sunday after Sunday, even during the inclement winter, the children and teachers, some on each Sunday, and others on the Sunday following the 8th of every month, visited his grave and strewed it with the flowers he loved so much.

On Pentecost Sunday, the 5th of June, 1870, the memorial in the Southern wall, erected during the preceding week, was unveiled. Hundreds of the old and the young, approached the table of the Lord. Solemn High Mass was sung. John Duross O'Bryan, Esq., a former pupil of St. Joseph's, delivered a most eloquent discourse on the life and labors of our late Pastor. There amid the soul-stirring strains of martial music without, accompanied by the swelling organ, the pealing trumpet, and the rolling drum within the Church, the curtain was withdrawn, and many gazed upon the chiseled features of one who from Heaven gazed and smiled on them.

In the afternoon, the children of the Sunday School with their teachers, went in joyful procession to strew with flowers the lowly mound where the remains of their friend and father slept. The idea was the children's, but the Sodalities joined; and then the Conferences, and the Beneficial Societies, and then the congregation. Arrived at the Cemetery, ranged 'round the grassy mound, infant and childish voices, the voice of lad and maiden, of man and

woman, joined in familiar hymns to Saints Joseph, Felix, Ignatius, to the Queen of Saints, and to the loved Name of Jesus—then a few short prayers were recited, and the immense concourse separated, passing around the hallowed spot and depositing their floral offerings—many to return to the Church to receive the Benediction of the Lord of the quick and dead.

This touching ceremony was repeated in 1871; and on Wednesday the 8th of June, an Anniversary service was held.

How more appropriately bring to a close these somewhat tedious pages, than with an affecting tribute, sent from the green plains of distant Minnesota, by one who had known him well and had felt the power of his virtues:

IN MEMORIAM

REV. FELIX JOSEPH BARBELIN.

I.

Father and friend, shepherd of many lambs!
Is it too late for this one to draw near,
And drop from out her prayer-enfolded palms
The flowers of saddest song upon thy bier?
Out of the distant West in spirit come,
To kneel beside thee tremulous and dumb!

II.

That crowded church,—how well my fancy paints
Its sombre drapery, its solemn light!
And in the midst a visage like a saint's
Shining from out the shadows pure and white;
The dear old hands, like lilies laid at rest
Beneath the crucifix upon his breast.

III.

That meek, good face,—'mid children still a child's
The smile upon it was forever young;
And well they loved his accents soft and mild,
The broken music of his foreign tongue;
The serpent's guile, the innocence of dove,
Mingling forever in its zealous love.

IV.

His heart was with them: from the baptized babe,
Up to the stripling and the maiden fair;
His mission lay among the little ones
Whom Christ committed to His Spouse's care;
And how he did his work—how long and well
He labored—let St. Joseph's children tell.

V.

Early and late, through sunshine and through storm,
In the Tribunal, at the altar rail,
For thirty years his dear familiar form,
His pleasant face with suffering often pale,
Went to and fro in guise of common things,
Doing an angel's work on tireless wings.

VI.

Who that has heard his Mass—who that has knelt
In the Confessional and heard his voice,
Pleading God's cause so sweetly—but has felt
A secret thrill which made his heart rejoice!
And going forth, has breathed a summer air,
As though our Lord Himself had spoken there.

VII.

Ah! how we'll miss him, who was ever found
Ready to sympathize, and strong to guide;
Ah! how we'll miss him as the years roll round,
And life grows stern and griefs are multiplied!
How often yearn, 'mid vexing cares, to be,
Children, to tell our story at his knee.

VIII.

Advent and Christmas we shall, thronging, meet
To seek our friend 'mid Bethlehem's delights;
And through the Lent, the crowded, close Retreat:—
We'll miss his reading of the prayers o'nights;
And when the words of final blessing sound,
Full many a secret tear will dew the ground.

IX.

May-time will come, and twinkling lights will shine
And flower and incense fill the air with balm;
But one dear visage at the blessed shrine,
Will look no more upon us, meek and calm,
And other hands than his will then dispense
The First Communion to the innocents.

X.

Lo! in the octave of the Sacred Heart,
He sought his refuge in that school of peace—
Take him, O Lord! all-loving as Thou art,
Clad in the raiment of his fresh release;
Take him and fold him there in deathless bliss,
And may our latter end be like to his!

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AND RESIDENCE, FREDERICK, MD.

(*Continued.*)

The first entry made by Fr. Malevé in the baptismal record of St. John's is dated the 3rd day of February, 1811. Hence it might be inferred that he began his labors in Frederick about the beginning of that year; though it would appear from the archives of the Province that his arrival was two years earlier.

The state of Catholicity was somewhat improved; the number of the faithful had increased, especially in the more distant stations; so that it became necessary a few years later to build small churches in several parts of the County. The German element had become more numerous in Frederick; still the English and Irish names were in the majority. At Petersville, Liberty, and on the Manor there always has been a preponderance of English and Irish Catholics. During the years that had passed since the Revolution, a great many slaves had been brought into the County; and as a great proportion of them were Catholics, their instruction in religious matters entailed no trifling burden on the pastor. The Church of St. John's was still unfinished, and was even unsafe. The interior was not plastered, and the roof had been so poorly made, that it had begun to sink. Supports from within became a matter of necessity, as the side walls, yielding to the weight, were pressed out. Fr. Malevé had the Church plastered in 1812. The building was made safe when the roof had been rendered secure by means of wooden columns.

There was certainly, a wide field of labor for one man in Frederick. Fr. Malevé was not discouraged, but gave himself up wholly to the work.

This zealous missionary was born Dec. 1st, 1770. His naturalization papers speak of him as a native of Russia, and a subject of the Emperor of that country. In early life he entered the Order of St. Francis of Assisi; but on account of the troubles at the end of the last century, he was forced, after the dispersion of his Order, to live in the world as a secular. In 1804, with the permission of the Holy See, he entered the Society in Russia. Whilst yet a novice, he was sent to the United States; and was indeed the first Jesuit that came to us from White Russia. At Georgetown he spent some months in the study of English. His progress in this undertaking was not over flattering. A man of great energy, of large frame, over six feet in height, with a voice of stentorian strength, he was anxious to exercise his indefatigable zeal for the good of souls. He was allowed to preach occasionally to the students of the College, as they were, no doubt, thought to be less severe upon the blunders he was wont to make, as when he said several times in one of his sermons that the Blessed Virgin Mary had been *assumpted* into Heaven. Many other amusing anecdotes are handed down concerning his attempts at sermons, before he became more of a master in English. In 1806, as the members of the Society in the United States had been permitted to renew their vows and to receive novices, a Novitiate was opened at Georgetown. On the 11th of October, the little Community was formed; it consisted of ten persons—a Father, seven Scholastic and two lay Brother novices. The Father novice, the Rev. Francis Neale, acted also as master of the probation. The thirty days' retreat was begun immediately,* and lasted until the feast of St. Stanislaus. On that day, it was thought to be a good thing to have the solemn opening of the Novitiate before the public. Besides this, one of the Fathers of the Old Society † was to make his Profession into the

* Manresa, as the Novitiate was called, is a small house on First Street, for a long time the residence of the pastor.

† Father Charles Neale.

hands of Archbishop Carroll; an event quite novel at that time, and perhaps the first Religious Profession ever made in the United States. Old Trinity Church was chosen for the purpose. A congregation had assembled, and the novices and many Fathers from the College were seated in the sanctuary. Fr. Malevé, in his enthusiasm for the Society, asked permission to say a few words. His zeal was greater than his knowledge; unable to express himself in English, he was forced to use the Latin tongue, to the great wonderment of the faithful and the Archbishop.*

Father Malevé was at no time more than a tolerable scholar in English. He seemed to have great difficulty with English and Irish names: Mc Mollin (Mc Mullin), Ryda (Ryder), Mc Cherry and Tomptson, etc. (Mc Sherry and Thompson, etc.), are frequent mistakes in his writings.

Once in Frederick, Fr. Malevé gave himself wholly to the spiritual advancement of his flock. No labor was too excessive for his zeal; no fatigue superior to his untiring energy. The two churches in the northern part of the County, at Emmettsburg and Mt. St. Mary's, lessened considerably the number of his parishioners. The work, however, that remained for him was very hard. The sick calls were sometimes at great distances, even as far as Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg; that is, to places twenty and forty miles away. Yet he was always cheerful and enthusiastic in the midst of his hardships. Glancing over the records, one is struck with his style of writing; it is an index of his enthusiastic nature. His penmanship is not that of neat, pent-up Utica, but bold, expansive and rugged. The people loved him, though his nature was on occasions rather brusque. It is told of him that once he went to see a

* The Archbishop said to one of the novices: "What is he talking about? There ought to be a sermon in English." One of the Fathers, thinking it better to read a good sermon than to extemporize a poor one, offered to read a discourse from ARCHER for the people. This was done. A member of the choir remarked that the sermon was very good, but the reading spoiled it.

mechanic about some work in the Church. He was observed coming, and the workman enjoined his wife to say that he was not at home. She did as she was told. "That's not true; I know it from the way you say it. Your husband is at home. Come down; I see you up there behind the chimney." Notwithstanding such plain-spoken language, no one was offended.

Fr. Malevé was allowed to take his last vows on the 29th of June, 1815. He prepared himself for this religious act with great fervor. He looked on it as the realization of long cherished hopes. On his return to Frederick he continued the work he had been doing so well. The next undertaking worthy of notice was the building of St. Joseph's Church, on the Manor, about seven miles from Frederick. The work was finished in 1820. The lot of ground for the church and graveyard, with a portion of the funds, no doubt, for the building itself, was a gift to the Father from Charles Carroll of Carrollton. There is, perhaps, not a piece of land in Frederick County that has, for its size, more great names connected with it, than the St. Joseph's property. First, the gift already mentioned; then another by the Pattersons, another by the Harpers and Mc Tavishes: and, finally, in 1853, Mary Ann, Marchioness of Wellesley, makes an offering. The document by which the Marchioness conveys the property has an international character, as it had to pass the office of the American consul in London, the Hon. Mr. Ingersol.* St. Joseph's congregation has always been under the charge of our Fathers, who have attended it from the Residence in Frederick, or from the Novitiate.

In 1821, Mr. Coale, a prominent Catholic of Liberty, a town about 12 miles from Frederick, offered a lot of ground

* St. Joseph's Church has not been forgotten by the members of the Carroll family. Only a few years ago, the old building was torn down and a new and much larger one erected in its stead, at a cost of seven thousand dollars. Of this sum, five thousand dollars were given by a great grand-daughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

for a church. Fr. Malevé, with the approbation of the Superiors, accepted it, and a building was begun; the work, however, went on slowly, and was not completed until after his death. This Church has, with the exception of two or three years, been always attended by the Fathers of Frederick. About three years ago the old building was torn down, and a new one erected, at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars. General Coale, the son of the donor of the land, bore all the expenses of the new church.

The state of religion in Frederick County in 1822 was encouraging. With the congregation of St. John's much increased, and a necessity for churches in other parts of the County, the prospect was indeed cheering, and, no doubt, made the Pastor look forward to a rich harvest. Now he could begin to see the effect of thirteen years' incessant toil; but he was not permitted by the Master whom he served so well, to continue the work. Towards the end of September, he began to suffer from an attack of bilious fever, which, in those days, used to be prevalent in autumn about Frederick. At first, trusting to his strong constitution, he may have looked on the attack as trifling. He grew no better, and soon serious apprehensions were entertained about his recovery. The Superior of the Mission, Fr. Charles Neale, having been informed of his illness, sent one of Ours to give him all the assistance necessary in his dying moments. Fr. John Mc Elroy was chosen for this sad duty. On his arrival in Frederick, he found his much esteemed brother in Religion very ill. He administered the last Sacraments, and waited in hope for some favorable turn in the disease; but God willed otherwise. Fr. Malevé died on the 3rd of October, 1822. His death was a great affliction to the flock. After the Mass and funeral service by Fr. Mc Elroy, the remains of the beloved Pastor were placed in the little graveyard behind the Church.

In the meanwhile, the Superior had been informed of the death. A successor to the deceased F. Malevé was expect-

ed to arrive from Georgetown. Several gentlemen in the congregation, amongst whom was Mr. Taney, addressed a letter to the Fr. Superior, asking to retain Fr. Mc Elroy. The request was granted; and thus was begun a career of usefulness which, if we consider the resources at hand, has been scarcely equalled in any city in the country. Whatever Catholicity has in Frederick, that it may point to with pride, is owing to Fr. Mc Elroy. He found the congregation small, the church sadly in need of repair, the residence old and weather-beaten; after twenty-three years, when he was called away, he left the congregation large and flourishing, whilst the old church had given place to one of the finest churches in the States, and the old two story residence had been greatly enlarged, and was doing service as a Novitiate of the Society. The new residence, on Church Street, the buildings for St. John's Literary Institution, and the school and Orphanage of the Sisters of Charity, gave proof also of the energy and skill of the Pastor of St. John's. It is an easy matter to show financial tact in large cities with liberal congregations; but it was quite a task to build schools and churches in Frederick fifty years ago, as money was scarce, and the little that could be had, was to be used with consummate ability, in order to accomplish anything. These works will be spoken of more in detail, and in the order of time.

Fr. Mc Elroy was expected to carry on the work of his predecessor without any assistant. The rest of the year (1822), passed away without any event of special importance. In 1823, the new Pastor's loneliness was cheered by the arrival of Fr. Van Quickenborne, with a colony of Ours, *en route* for Missouri. They remained a few days, and then set out on the long journey to their destined home beyond the Mississippi, where so much good has been done for the people of the West and the increase of the Society.

Towards the end of 1823, negotiations were begun with the Superior of the Sisters of Charity, for the establish-

ment of a community in Frederick. The help the Sisters could render to the pastor for school purposes was much needed. Early in 1824, five Sisters arrived from Emmettsburg and were domiciled in a wretched log cabin, built in the days of the revolution on what is now the Convent property. This had but two rooms on the ground floor and overhead a miserable attic. The school was opened, however. A notice had been previously inserted in the papers to this effect:

"St. John's Female Benevolent and Frederick Free School will be opened on the 3d of January, 1824. Reading, writing and needle-work, etc., will be taught. All denominations admitted."

The ministers were greatly offended that the benighted Catholics should have a free school and that Protestants should attend it in great numbers. The text in every pulpit was sharpened, so as to wound the harmless Sisters. Bells were rung; public meetings held to denounce the Papist aggressions. Vile epithets were vomited forth against priests and nuns and, above all, the Sisters of Charity. A Free School Association was formed, by which each church was to have its own school, and the attacks of Rome to be warded off. A petition was sent to the Legislature for pecuniary help for the "free schools" of Frederick. Of course, the Catholic school was ignored. Fr. McElroy got wind of the movement, and, through the exertions of Mr. Frank Thomas, afterwards Governor of the State, Col. William Schley, Mr. Harper, a Catholic, and several other Catholic members from the lower counties, obtained a part of the money donated by the Legislature.

In the meanwhile, the ministers were not idle. In their visits from house to house and by means of the newspapers, every effort was made to draw away the children from the Sisters' influence. "Beware of the she-wolves," said they, breaking the figure: "beware of the she-wolves that want to kidnap your children." These clamors of the press and

the parsons were unheeded, and the good work went on. The Protestants would not withdraw their children, though urged to do so by their preachers, especially by a certain Rev. Mr. Schaeffer, who was looked up to as the leader of the anti-Catholic movement. The true-blue orthodoxy of this man was undoubted, though it would seem that he was acting more in his official capacity than from private malice. The following announcement clipped from a paper of 1837 will show what kind of gospel he expounded:

"The Rev. Mr. Schaeffer will deliver the Sacrament in the Baptist Church to-morrow, in the German and English languages, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon."*

The Sisters' school soon had two hundred pupils. The Protestant children were much attached to them and used to learn the catechism, Catholic prayers and hymns, the "Angelus," etc. It was a common thing with them in their homes, to the no little astonishment of the parents, to sing the hymns and recite the prayers they had been taught by the Sisters; and when the "Angelus" bell was rung, they were wont to fall on their knees to say the beautiful prayer to the Mother of God. Opposition had only perfected the work. It would seem natural to expect many conversions among the children. Unfortunately, this was not the case; for though prejudices were removed, yet very few embraced the faith, owing to the oath which then, and even now, is exacted from the candidates, for what is called Confirmation, of never abandoning their belief. This custom is found in the Lutheran and Dutch Reformed churches, which are numerous in Frederick County.

In 1825, it became necessary to build a large establishment for the Sisters, to serve for a school and an orphan

* Not very unlike the spirit of this notice, taken from a Copenhagen paper: "Noving & Co. have constantly on hand a Protestant minister who will, on the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms, administer all the Sacraments; namely, Baptism, Confirmation, Matrimony, Divorce and Funerals."—*London Register.*

asylum. How do such a thing with the means in hand? In New York, or some of the large cities such a work could be easily done, but how do it here? The work was done and paid for; the orphans, too, were well supported by the alms of the people and especially by the farmers of the Manor. When then the building was finished, a sign was put over the door with the words: *St. John's Female Benevolent and First Frederick Free School.* These words had given great offence already, but the sign with the addition of the epithet *first*, was not at all pleasing. Mr. Taney said it was right to have the fact put before the eyes of the bigots, that the Catholics had the first free school in the city. Not so, thought a certain doctor of medicine who undertook to prove in the public prints that the fact was not true. His attacks, as well as those of so many others, since the opening of the school, were not noticed; a style of defence that might be oftener adopted. Many of the Protestants who were educated by the Sisters always kept up kindly sentiments towards them. Even now one may sometimes meet with Catholic books in the houses of Protestants; these books were given as prizes by the Sisters.

During this year (1825), Fr. Mc Elroy had as his assistant Fr. P. W. Walsh.* One was much needed, as the congregation in Frederick was enough for a priest. The help of another Father became more imperative next year, when a church was built at Petersville. The land for this church was given by Mr. West, a Protestant gentleman. Our Fathers yet attend this congregation. A few years ago the old log building was enlarged. The colored people form the larger portion of the congregation, and, what may seem

* Fr. McElroy had at different times, from 1825 to 1845, the following assistants: Fathers Walsh, Grace, Peeters, a martyr of charity for the fever-stricken workmen on the canal, Dubuisson, Pise, a secular priest, V. H. Barber, Flautt, a secular priest, Kroes, McGerry, a secular priest, McCarthy, Ryder, Moore, Aloysius Young, Steinbacher, Powers, Dietz, Logan, Enders, Tuffer, and George Villiger.

strange to those who look on this class of people as dull and uninstructed, have the choir to themselves and sing very fair music at Mass on Sundays. Of late years a great deal has been done for the religious education of the colored children by the heroic self-devotion of a young lady who, though wealthy and admired by the world, has given herself entirely to this good work.

It had long been evident to all that some provision should be made for the education of the male youth of St. John's congregation. The girls were excellently cared for by the Sisters; something had to be done for the boys also, who were much in want of religious and literary knowledge. The usual difficulty presented itself. How raise the money? How support the school?

On August 7th, 1828, the octave of the feast of our holy Founder, the corner-stone of St. John's Literary Institute was laid. In 1829, the classes were begun, and soon St. John's College, for by this name it was more commonly known throughout the State, became the rival of Georgetown and remained so until 1853, when it received a check by the expulsion of a large number of students at one time. It has never recovered; and, in truth, no effort has been made to restore it to its former glory, as the system was justly thought to be attended with great dangers for the morals of the young men. The students used to board in private families and were subject to the domiciliary visits of the prefects. This regulation, though succeeding well at first, was not sufficient afterwards to keep out abuses. The college was in a measure a free school, as many students were educated gratuitously. St. John's has given many vocations to the Society, and to the legal and medical professions some of the most distinguished names in this city and State. The school is still kept for the youth of Frederick. A charter was obtained from the legislature in 1829, together with an annual donation of three hundred dollars. This sum is still faithfully paid by the Comptroller of the State.

The pastor had done a great deal toward finishing and beautifying the old Church; but on account ofthe increase in the congregation, it was thought advisable to extend the front of the Church fifteen or twenty feet and to erect galleries. This plan was proposed to the people in 1830; all readily agreed to contribute to the work. Several builders were consulted about the contemplated addition; they were unanimous that it would be a waste of money, and advised rather the pulling down of the old Church and the erecting of a new one. The project was abandoned for some time for want of money. In 1832, the new plan was put before the congregation; this time four thousand dollars were subscribed. With this amount and a legacy of another thousand dollars, a beginning was considered to be warranted. Very Rev. Fr. Peter Kenny, Superior and Visitor, was consulted and, after an interchange of opinions, it was finally resolved in January, 1833, that the work should be undertaken and the site changed from that on which the old Church stood to the lot on the opposite side of the street. Books of architecture were obtained from Georgetown; with the aid of these, Fr. Mc Elroy and Mr. Tehan, a well known builder of those days, fixed upon a plan for the new edifice. The form was to be that of a Latin cross; the nave to be a hundred and thirty-six feet in length and forty-nine in width; the transept, forty-nine feet in width and ninety-four in length; length of nave to transept, sixty-three feet; height from floor to ceiling, forty feet. The Society's Church in Gardiner St., Dublin, was used as a model for the ground plan, though St. John's is considerably larger.

The corner-stone was laid in the north east angle of the nave on St. Joseph's day, 1833. Amid the greatest difficulties the work went on. Money came somehow. Subscriptions, loans, legacies, contributions from the employees of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, enabled the pastor to finish the building

by April 1837. Among the presents recorded for the altar were a dozen candlesticks and two crucifixes; these articles cost twelve hundred francs, and were sent by Very Rev. John Roothan, General of the Society.*

On the 26th of April, St. John's was consecrated to the service of God, and was perhaps the first church thus solemnly dedicated in this part of the United States. The Rev. John Hughes who had been chosen to preach the sermon of the day was forced to decline, owing to the death of his father a short time before. This distinguished ecclesiastic published in the *Herald and Visitor*, of Philadelphia, an account of the consecration. From it a few items are taken:—†

"Mr. Editor: Knowing that the readers of your widely circulating and useful *Herald* will be edified by the record of whatever marks the progress of the one Faith, I take the liberty of forwarding some account of the consecration of St. John's Church, in Frederick, which took place the 26th ult. (April).

"The consecration was performed according to the solemn rite of the Roman Pontifical. There were present the Most Rev. Samuel Eccleston, Archbishop of Baltimore, and eight Suffragan Bishops, viz: Rt. Rev. John England, Bishop of Charleston; Rt. Rev. Benedict Fenwick, Bishop of Boston; Rt. Rev. Joseph Rosati, Bishop of St. Louis; Rt. Rev. John B. Purcell, Bishop of Cincinnati; Rt. Rev. Guy Ignatius Chabrat, Bishop of Bolina and Coadjutor of Bardstown; Rt. Rev. Simon Gabriel Bruté, Bishop of Vincennes; Rt. Rev. William Clancy, Bishop of Orio and Coadjutor of Charleston; Rt. Rev. Anthony Blanc, Bishop of New Orleans. Besides these, there were present a large concourse of clergymen from almost every section of the

* The Church cost $36,964.96: it could not be built now for much less than $100,000.

† *Herald and Visitor*, May 4, 1837.

United States, about seventy in all. Among them I may mention Very Rev. Louis Deluol, D. D., Superior of the Sulpicians, Baltimore; Very Rev. William McSherry, Provincial of the Society of Jesus in Maryland; Very Rev. P. Verhaegen, Superior of the same Society in Missouri and President of the College of St. Louis; Rev. Thomas Mulledy, S. J., President of Georgetown College; Rev. Thomas Butler, President of Mt. St. Mary's College, near Emmettsburg; Rev. John Hickey, Superior of the Sisters of Charity; Very Rev. Felix Varella, of New York; Very Rev. John Hughes, of Philadelphia; Rev. Ignatius A. Reynolds, of Louisville, Kentucky; Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin, the pioneer of religion in the West and among the Indians, the first ordained priest of the country, and, as he was appropriately designated, "The eldest Son of the American Church." There was a great number also of clergymen from the neighboring Missions, as well as the ecclesiastics belonging to the Seminary of Emmettsburg, the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus, under the direction of the learned and venerable Fr. Francis Dzierozynski. They were dressed in surplices; the priests in chasubles of the richest kind, and the bishops in copes and mitres.

"The day was calm and bright, as if to harmonize with the scene and with the feelings which it was calculated to awaken in every good breast. The ceremony of consecration, which was performed by the Most Rev. Archbishop, commenced about six o'clock, A. M., and terminated about eleven. The solemn procession for removing the relics from the old church was one of the most imposing spectacles which it was possible to conceive. * * *

"After the consecration of the Church, there was Solemn Pontifical Mass by the Most Rev. Archbishop, Very Rev. Dr. Deluol, Assistant Priest, Rev. George Fenwick of Georgetown, and Rev. Thomas Butler, of Emmettsburg, Deacon and Subdeacon. As soon as the Gospel was sung by the Deacon, Rt. Rev. Dr. England ascended the pulpit,

and the Word of God was proclaimed for the first time in the temple which had been reared and just consecrated to His greater honor and glory. The sermon was a mild and dignified vindication of the principles of the Catholic faith, in connection with the rites, sacerdotal vesture, language and ceremonies, which are employed in the public worship of God.

"The variety of topics on which it was necessary for him to touch, in a sermon of this kind, would seem unfavorable to what has been regarded as a peculiarity of his mind more than of any other living orator: that is, a power of unfolding a *principle* and extracting from its development evidences of truth, which sometimes even those who are familiar with the principle, do not suspect it capable of containing, or cannot exhibit with that clearness and perspicuity, which carry at once light and conviction to the minds of audiences. When you hear the Bishop of Charleston on a subject of this description, you are borne along on a tide, which may at first seem barely able to sustain you, but which is continuous and cumulative in its progress, until it acquires a force that overwhelms everything which cannot spring to its surface. On such an occasion, he and the advocate of the error he is confuting, seem at the commencement of his discourse to be nearly on an equality, but as he advances, you mark the growing strength on the one side and the progressive weakness on the other. He defeats his adversary by the very unfolding of the principles involved in the contest; but when he gathers up his evidences in a concentrated form and shows them in their collected might, you see that the opponent is not only defeated, but absolutely crushed to the earth, until your sense of pity becomes oppressive, and you would almost interpose for his rescue. You are so interested in the condition of him who is stricken by the thunderbolts of the Bishop's unerring logic, that at last you become almost insensible to the flashes of eloquence in the midst of which he launches them forth.

"The sermon on this occasion was not, owing to the variety of topics to be treated, of the description now given. I have listened to him, and always with rapture, and yet I never listened to him with more admiration than in hearing his consecration sermon of the Church of St. John in Frederick. The sermon was one hour and a half long and was listened to with profound attention by the large congregation, who must have been deeply instructed and edified.

"In the afternoon, there were solemn Vespers and the benediction of the Holy Sacrament. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Purcell of Cincinnati preached. The subject was the duty of Christian charity, in connexion with the obligation of asserting the truth as it is in Christ. He denounced that, as but the mockery of charity, which would sacrifice truth, in order to conciliate the opinions of men. But whilst we are to profess our faith, and to proclaim the necessity of what our Divine Saviour taught, our kindness, our affection, our best offices are equally due to those who are estranged from us in religious belief. His discourse was brief and eloquent, not the result of special preparation, but springing from the impulse of the occasion and his disposition to accede to the request of the respected Pastor.

"The next day the Sacrifice of Mass was offered with solemn rite by the venerable Bishop of St. Louis. After the Gospel, an instruction was addressed to the people by the Rev. Mr. Hughes of Philadelphia. The object of his discourse was to establish the identity of religious truth from the beginning, to point out the manner in which God communicated the truth to mankind, and the means by which He has chosen to have it preserved.

"It was a singular coincidence that the Pastor of the Church, and the three preachers who were the first to occupy the pulpit in succession, should all happen to be called the same name as the glorious Apostle, under whose spe-

cial invocation the temple had been dedicated and consecrated to the service of Almighty God. * * * * *

"If any one would learn from ocular evidence what wonders can be accomplished by the unchanging purpose, the patient but sleepless energies of a single mind, under the guidance of that immortal index which ever points to the "Greater Glory of God," let such a person visit the monuments which have been erected by the zeal and piety of Fr. Mc Elroy. Let him visit not only the splendid Church of St. John, but also the splendid Orphan Asylum on the right, as the equally noble Academy on the left of the Church. * * * * *"

The steeple of St. John's was completed in 1854, by Fr. Burchard Villiger. Two years ago the interior of the Church was restored and beautified, a tribute to the good taste of the designer of the improvement.

Many ask why it is that this Church, architecturally viewed, ranks so high. We have larger churches: we have surely churches that cost more money; but when we come back to St. John's, we find the old charm revived. Why is this? St. John's Church does not offend against any of the common laws of architecture; it is not merely a chaotic pile of stone with a roof, with windows at convenient distances in the side-walls, whilst the interior, abounding in glaring patches from all the old orders, is made rather grotesque by gothic arches and stained glass; it is not a long and high building with rows of columns, which, more than amply sufficient to support the roof, act also as a screen for the altars and the pulpit.—Good taste is the charm of St. John's.

(*To be continued.*)

THE JESUITS IN CINCINNATI.

Though it is our main object in this paper to give our readers a sketch of St. Xavier College and Church and a brief account of the labors of our Fathers in Cincinnati, still, the birth of Catholicity in this vicinity is so intimately connected with their early history, that we may be pardoned for referring to the first Catholic missions in this section of the country.

Rev. Edward Fenwick, a Dominican, who established St. Rose's Church, near Springfield, Ky., in 1806, appears to have been the first priest that did much service here. Though stationed so far away, he traversed the dreary forests of Ohio every now and then in his missionary excursions, from 1810 to 1822, when he was made first Bishop of Cincinnati. His small congregation here numbered in 1818, about one hundred members. By an intolerant city ordinance the Catholics were prohibited from building a church within the city limits or the so called "out lots," and were obliged to put up their small frame building in the "Northern Liberties" (corner of Vine and Liberty). How far out of the way this Church lay can be conceived from the fact that according to the original survey of Cincinnati village, its limits were Eastern Row, now Broadway, Western Row, called Central Avenue within the last fourteen or fifteen years, 7th Street on which our College now stands, and on the south, "La belle rivière." The streets were laid out through a dense forest, their corners being marked upon the trees. In 1820 the number of inhabitants was 9602. What a change in fifty years! Our Church has about as many parishioners as Cincinnati had inhabitants at

that time. 250,000 would be considered a moderate estimate of our whole population now.

The majority of the Catholics being Germans, the Bishop in 1844 obtained from Pope Leo XII. the assistance of Fr. Frederick Reese or Résé, whom he made his Vicar General. The ordinance above mentioned had by this time been annulled, through the exertions of the Catholics; and in 1823 the frame church, north of the city, was removed to Sycamore Street, and occupied the ground on which St. Xavier Church now stands. Such was our first Cathedral: nor is it difficult to believe that the "Episcopal palace" often suffered sore distress when his "Lordship" thought himself fortunate in obtaining from a Catholic layman the loan of 500 francs *without interest.*

The frame building was soon after taken down and replaced by a larger and more permanent structure of brick built in the gothic style, and capable of holding about 800 persons. The latter edifice, with its tower and handsome spire, formed at that early day one of the most ornamental buildings in the city. It remained standing till about 1860. We shall see in course of time what a sad story was weaved about its fall.

Beside the church a school soon sprang up. Judiciously organized and efficiently managed, almost at once without intermediate stages it grew into the proportions of an advanced literary Institute, affording the youth in this section of the country an opportunity of acquiring a higher education. This institution was called *The Athenæum.* Thirty-five years ago it was considered a marvel of architectural beauty and seemed to embody the laudable pride of its founders as it towered above its less pretentious neighbors. But the times have gone on and humbled the pride of the old Athenæum. It stands even now, it is true; but with all our efforts to make it put on a modern appearance and holiday attire, its bright garment of sheeny paint cannot hide its decrepit features or persuade the observer that it is

anything else but a relic of the past. The wonder of the passer-by has given place to indifference, and another generation sports through the time-honored corridors and but for the watchful eye of the master would disfigure the walls with as little consideration as they smile at the quaint square brick on which they tread and stop to joke at the solidity of the occasional fantastic framework which their fathers considered admirable. To understand the object of its erection and the scope of its studies we need but read the inscription carved on the front of the building:

ATHENÆUM

RELIGIONI ET ARTIBUS SACRUM

It must have puzzled the brain of more than one simple inhabitant of our young city as he stood with gaping eyes to make out the mystic meaning of that motto.

The beginning of the Athenæum was very auspicious, but it did not continue in its original flourishing condition. At length, after varied fortunes and a season of doubtful success which answered but poorly the expectations of its friends and patrons, it was establised on a new basis in 1840, being given by Most Rev. Archbishop J. B. Purcell, D. D., to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who have conducted it ever since. From that date it began to be known as St. Xavier College; and then, properly speaking begins the history of the College as it exists to-day. Though established in October, 1831, by the Right Rev. E. D. Fenwick, not until 1842 was it incorporated by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, under the name which it now bears, with all the privileges usually granted to universities. Boarders as well as day scholars were re-

ceived for instruction. The advantages held out to students from abroad who desired to board at the College were: an institution easily accessible from all parts of the Union; a location peculiarly conducive to mental improvement and bodily comfort; an opportunity of attending many interesting lectures on the arts and sciences, delivered at the various institutions in the city; regular and well supplied markets, and, in case of sickness, the best medical attendance. Taking into consideration the frugal spirit of the times, which was more manly and vigorous as well as less prone to luxury than the present, the buildings were spacious, well ventilated and well adapted to school purposes. As a consequence, students flocked from the Southern and Western States, Mexico and Cuba. To give some idea how our College was regarded by non-Catholics we may be allowed to quote a passage from a book entitled "The Schools of Cincinnati and its Vicinity," by John P. Foote, whose work shows that he is evidently a Protestant, speaking of St. Xavier's College, he says:

"* * * A good school was organized, with a sufficient number of teachers to attend closely to all the pupils, both during their hours of study and recreation. This feature, in which most of our prominent seminaries are defective, gave the school a reputation which induced a number of Protestants to prefer it to any of our other schools for the education of their sons. It had then become (as it has since continued in the West) an established rule, that teachers should not be allowed to punish pupils for any fault. The consequence was that such a degree of lawlessness prevailed in our schools as to deprive them of much of their usefulness. The arrangement of subordinate teachers in numbers sufficient to keep every pupil constantly in view, served as a substitute for the old fashioned system of discipline by the rod and ferule, and caused the Athenæum to become a popular and flourishing school. The institution continued but a short time, however, in its original flourishing state,

and although the denomination increased so rapidly that it now [that was more than twenty years ago] possesses thirteen very large churches, with a splendid Cathedral—one of the best specimens of Grecian architecture in the city—all of which are crowded with worshippers on Sunday, yet the College did not seem to partake of their progress, and it was a few years since transferred to the Order of the Jesuits."

No State aid was ever given to St. Xavier's. The effort made about 1850 to secure a division of the school fund for denominational schools, however manifestly just from the Catholic standpoint, failed; and it would have been worse than hopeless for the College to expect State assistance. Every one knows that repeated attempts since then, have resulted in repeated failure; and that agitation, instead of benefiting our fortune, seems to have removed us farther away from the accomplishment of our purpose. Both Catholics and Protestants in this part of the country start out with the grand major proposition that the common schools should be administered for the common good and should not be sectarian: therefore, the schools should be continued on the present basis, argues the Protestant. Catholics, however, have modestly requested the courts of justice to hear their little *atqui* before deciding and see if an opposite conclusion could not be reached by the ordinary rules of sound logic. But it must be confessed that Justice has been asleep whilst Bigotry was up and doing, until, now, the most that we are granted is expressed in that un-American word, *tolcration*. Toleration! in a land where the first European blood that moistened the soil of these Western States was that of the Church's noblest sons.

During the decade from 1842–52, the terms for board and tuition were $130 per session of ten months, exclusive of personal expenses, and for day scholars $40. A couple of years after that the College ceased to receive boarders, but continued to accept other pupils at the same rate of tuition,

till 1863, when the high price of every commodity and the depreciated value of money necessitated an advance of the terms to $60. The tuition fee remains the same still.

Almost coëval with the existence of the College was the establishment of several societies for improvement in literature, music and the various branches which form a portion of a finished education. One of these, the Philopædian Society, still exists, bearing after thirty-four years no marks of age to mar the lustre of success. It still fosters literature and eloquence, and meets once a week to exercise its members in debate, invites the attendance of honorary as well as of regular members, and from time to time gives a public entertainment or lecture.

So remarkable was the change effected in the people in a very short space of time by the Fathers in attendance upon the Church, that in 1846, amongst other edifying items, the following tribute was contained in a leading editorial in one of the city Catholic papers:

"It is extremely gratifying to witness the great increase of piety in that quarter of the city where the Church of St. Francis Xavier is situated. Two years ago there was only a small chapel in that part of town, and now the spacious accommodations of the Church of the Jesuit Fathers, is scarce sufficient for the numerous congregation that attends it. The rapid increase of this congregation is a subject of frequent remark by our people, and its character is no less gratifying than its numbers. The instructions given at this church on Sundays at Vespers attract a great many Protestants, who listen with marked attention to the familiar, yet impressive exposition of the Catholic faith and morals, which is usually delivered by the President of the University. * * * * The good done is witnessed, not only in the number of conversions that have taken, and are taking place in our city, but also in the great improvement in the general tone of piety, in the striking reformation that has occurred in many families and individuals, and especially

in the edifying behavior of the male portion of the congregation."

Let us pass on to the year 1847. Fr. Elet, of happy memory, had been Rector of the College since it passed into the hands of Ours; but having been named Procurator of the Province, he went to Rome in August, Fr. Blox taking his place in the mean time. Under his administration a peaceable secession was effected, the long wished-for separation of the large and small boys took place. The juniors had an opportunity of enjoying country life at the Purcell mansion on Walnut Hills, under the Presidency of Rev. George Carrell, afterwards Bishop of Covington, Ky., the College proper continuing to receive large boys as usual. At this period the Institution enjoyed unexampled prosperity, and the number of its pupils was greater than at any previous time. This, however, lasted but a short time. It is difficult, at this date, to assign the cause or causes of the great change which took place. We find that at the end of the scholastic year 1848–9, the number of boys in attendance had dwindled down to 140. It is not improbable that either political or local causes were at work to produce this fluctuation; for no change had taken place in the management of the College to justify this capricious variation. A note in one of the old catalogues may throw some light on the matter. It is of 1848–9 and reads as follows: "On account of the prevalence of the cholera at the present time, the greater part of the exercises (i. e. commencement exercises) have been postponed till the opening of next session." What sad pictures of sorrow and distress this reference recalls to the minds of those who witnessed the harrowing scenes of those eventful years!

About this time our parochial schools were established, with a hundred children in attendance after the first few days. The seed was cast in good soil. At present our parish schools contain nearly two thousand children, including the girls, who are taught exclusively by the Sisters of

Notre Dame. Independent of these, our College, and a pay school conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame, swell the number of those educated in our parish about four hundred more. This is a pleasing picture to look back upon. The reality far exceeds the highest hopes of those who projected the scheme. The good done by those years of silent labor is incalculable.

During the cholera season one of our Fathers died a victim of charity in the service of the sick. It was Fr. Angelus Maesseele, a Belgian. He used to visit the pest house where he contracted the disease, and before he was completely cured, his zeal urged him out to assist those who were attacked with cholera. The fatal malady laid hold on him in June, 1849, and he died gloriously, after spending twelve years in the Society. Fr. Genelli, the author of the life of St. Ignatius, died here of cholera also, in 1850, but under different circumstances. A Prussian by birth, he entered the Society in 1842, when over forty years of age. He came to America in 1848 and spent two years in Missouri, suffering greatly from the climate. On this account he was recalled to Europe. On his way back he stopped at St. Xavier's, the day after he fell sick with what subsequently proved to be the cholera, and died of that disease in a day or two.

In the next year still another victim of the cholera! This time it was a Scholastic, Mr. J. D. Johnston, a Virginian by birth and a Protestant by education, whose name is held in benediction by those who knew him best. More than one aged eye will be dimmed with affectionate tears should it chance to follow the page I devote to his memory. How often I have heard his name when a boy. From his tenderest years all of Mr. Johnston's associations were Protestant, and his advance to that blessedness for which he yearned clogged by unbelieving friends and the allurements of the world. But hearkening to divine grace, he was at last converted in St. Louis. Though a lawyer and bur-

dened with the care of a family, he led such a pious life in the world that he is believed to have been gifted even then with a lofty spirit of prayer and love of God. Finally, the death of his wife releasing him from every difficulty and doubt, after providing for his two young daughters, he entered the Society on the feast of the Assumption, 1844. It is by no means wonderful to see him the pattern of every virtue, after having overcome so many obstacles. In prayer and the mortification of his flesh he was so remarkable, that he spent a great part of the night in these holy exercises, and gave to sleep only the time absolutely necessary for preserving his strength—even that, he took lying on a bare board. Amid the most acute sufferings of cholera he enjoyed a most delightful peace, and in persevering prayer passed to a better life in June 1851. He it was who wrote that devout translation of the little office of the Immaculate Conception, now so generally used and so highly esteemed for boys' manuals of devotion.

Pursuant to our purpose of speeding past the names of the living, we omit some facts which, though of interest, would still too evidently redound to the praise of the Rector of that day. The next incumbent was Father (afterwards Bishop) Carrell, during whose term of office the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception for young men was established by Fr. Francis Acmal (Van Agtmael) in the free school. It began with a hundred members, and ever since its foundation has continued to be a source of great good in the parish and in the rest of the city; and has bound together a large body of young men whom temptation no less than want of instruction or example would otherwise lead astray. It is still known among the people as the Young Mens' Sodality, though the heads of many of its members are whitened with the snows of more than fifty or sixty winters. They are very likely young men, indeed! The elements are so heterogeneous because, since many continued belonging to it after they were married, and there was then

no longer any distinctive character given to membership, some were permitted to join the body, though advanced in years.

This Sodality has quite an extensive library in active and useful operation; a well supplied reading-room; a hall devoted to billiards and other games, opened nightly; in fact all possible inducements to withdraw young men from vicious company. Debating societies have also been formed in it from time to time.

Whilst speaking of their debating societies it may not be out of the way to mention a system which proved eminently successful in eradicating false notions and keeping up interest. A suggestion may give an idea or two, which can be practically of great service. Each speaker was subject to be called upon at the close of his remarks by any one for proofs of his assertions. The director especially exercised this power, and even whilst engaged in speaking, when a member touched upon a question where false impressions might be made, he would sometimes interrupt him for proofs. The interruption was never taken amiss. Notably in one case, that of education, which was debated in several successive meetings, some openly acknowledged themselves convinced and adopted the right opinion, to which they had before been sincerely opposed.

Another side play, as it were, which could be of great utility in a young city, and easily initiated, was of absorbing interest to many young men intellectually serious. It was to collect from the old inhabitants facts in connection with the early history of Catholicity in the city; for example: who was the first priest; who said the first Mass; the number of Catholic inhabitants at stated periods; various incidents in connection with the growth of Catholicity; the building of churches and similar topics, which a few years hence could not possibly be obtained. Those engaged in the work would visit persons from whom they were likely to obtain information, collate the facts, narrate in the next

meeting their adventures, success or ill success, read a paper on the subject, if they had prepared one, or at all events, keep the notes gathered.

What we have said will give our readers an idea of subsidiary education imparted without the appearance of instruction, and the laudable efforts made by our Fathers for the mental improvement of young men beyond the age for didactic direction.

Our parish is composed mainly of the poor, devoted children of the green Isle of saints. They are very liberal according to their means, but the greater part of them can hardly give more than the widow's mite for the support of the Church. Nevertheless, by the favor of Heaven, the self-sacrifice and priestly abnegation of the pastors have earned them such an enviable reputation that the people never allowed the Church to want means for magnificent decorations, ceremonial, and all the needful improvements for making it one of the most attractive and devotional of Catholic Churches in the city. Worshippers come from other parishes, some even have pews in St. Xavier's as well as in their own churches. For confessions and communions the "Jesuits' Church" is always besieged — both the facilities for approaching these Sacraments as well as the reputation of the Fathers and the affectionate veneration of all classes contributing to this effect.

(*To be continued.*)

THE COLLEGE DEL SALVADOR, BUENOS AYRES.

We had the sad task last year of announcing and describing the destruction of one of our Colleges at Buenos Ayres. We have the pleasure on the present occasion of narrating an event which forms an agreeable contrast with that calamity. Measures are being taken to restore the College; and at the distribution of premiums to the students, Dec. 20th last, Dr. Emilio Lamarca delivered a speech which is calculated to bring consolation to our hearts.

To recal briefly the circumstances of the conflagration, a meeting was held by an excited mob, at the theatre *Variedades;* the cry was raised, "Down with the Jesuits;" a rush was made to the College; and the incendiaries inflicted a loss of five millions of *pesos* ($4,650,000).

The College was an establishment of the first order. The building had been raised at the cost of great sacrifice and labor by our Fathers, not without the assistance of some public offerings; and one of the results had been no small accession of importance to that whole portion of the city, which became frequented by more than two hundred and fifty students.

On entering the College del Salvador, you passed through numerous halls, each bearing its inscription of the use to which it was put:—philosophy, physics, chemistry, natural history, mathematics, arithmetic, cosmography, national and general literature, æsthetics, history, religious lectures, Latin, Greek, Spanish, French, English, German, geography, calligraphy, school of design, vocal and instrumental music—a complete preparatory course of science.

There was a magnificent library, a cabinet full of precious

specimens, a laboratory, and a valuable collection of minerals. There was a botanical collection, large-sized globes for the study of geography and cosmography, besides a number of maps.

All this, with all the furniture, became a prey to the mad fury of Feb. 28th, 1875! The very walls of the building fell in ruins; all except one, that was the façade. It stood there when all the rest had fallen as if to shut from view the marks of the horrible crime, which miscreants had committed against religion and society, against the priesthood and science, against the Church and their country.

Our Fathers were dispersed as a matter of course. They found shelter where they could; and the most respectable citizens received them with honor and sympathy, and soon there was a manifestation of public opinion throughout the city, and it called for an immediate reparation. Such a crime should not leave its blot upon a civilized and cultured people.

Our professors were urged to return to their post and renew their labors. This Ours were only too glad to do; and though they had barely escaped with their lives, they were ready to risk them again. Meanwhile, a Commissioner was nominated and charged with the reconstruction of the College del Salvador. It opened a subscription list, and, though the times were hard, the citizens were not backward. In nine months they had subscribed six hundred thousand *pesos* ($558,000), four hundred and fifty thousand of which were in ready money. However, to repair the whole loss, without counting the scientific cabinets, nothing less than a million of *pesos* are needed.

At all events, a large portion of the building has been reconstructed; and on Dec. 20th, 1875, the distribution of premiums took place. Dr. Emilio Lamarca, Secretary to the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Argentine Republic, read, on this occasion, a report of the Commissioner charged with the reconstruction of the College. At the

same time he delivered a fine speech, which was published, and which we subjoin below.

We call attention particularly to the duty which, in the course of his speech, the orator imposed upon Sig. Edw. Calvari, Consul of the Republic at Geneva. It was to bear to His Holiness, Pope Pius IX, the consoling information, that if the mad fury of assassins undertook to renew in Buenos Ayres the awful scenes of the Commune in Paris, at least the faith, the generosity and patriotism of the Argentine citizens knew how to make a prompt reparation.

SPEECH OF DR. LAMARCA.

You will certainly excuse me, gentlemen, if, obeying the impulse of my heart, I give expression to a few thoughts which will create an echo in your hearts; for my words are the expression of a noble desire. I feel encouraged to believe that in addressing this select circle of our best society in the State, I take the most powerful means of making emphatic and energetic the protest of our republic against the mad and criminal attempt of Feb. 28.

I do not mean to speak of the Jesuits, towards whom I entertain profound gratitude and respect: for I recognize in the Jesuit the beloved master and guide of my earlier years. Nor will I speak of those sons of St. Ignatius of Loyola, who shed their blood in the Indies for the Catholic faith, and confront the enemies of souls and of nations. I think it useless to recall how much America owes to them, in the way of faith and civilization; and how once, in this very State, they thought it preferable to leave it and sacrifice all, rather than sanction tyranny. I will not follow this line of thought, because I should be open to suspicion; lest that very love which I profess towards my masters should make me speak, from an over heated zeal, in extravagant terms of affection.

It is from motives of a different kind that I speak of the

necessity which is upon us of completing the reconstruction of this College. They are motives of national honor and dignity; for as long as a brick remains out of its place, as long as a single wall of this house bears traces of that infamous piece of incendiarism, so long are we under the weight and under the disgrace of that condemnation which the European press pronounced on Buenos Ayres, when it beheld a band of assassins strong enough to upset the public order, to despise the public authority, and reproduce a chapter from the pages of barbaric history.

I have seen the information which our Minister at foreign courts despatched to our government, relative to the views taken by foreign journalists about Feb. 28. They condemned the crime loudly. Even Bismarck's official journal condemned it. And reasonably enough. The Chancellor of the German Empire could not understand how a people could fight with itself and burn down its own monuments. Notwithstanding his own crusade against Catholicism, he could never admit as weapons of warfare the mad attempts of popular frenzy. The very journals which had inflamed the passions of the mob, were struck with fear at the excesses perpetrated, and entered their protest against them with the rest.

These protests came rather late, and the evil is already done; and they do not build up walls that are in ruins, nor repair outrages upon the state of public morals.

I beg of the members of the diplomatic corps, who honor us with their presence, that if they have in their correspondence made mention of the unhappy calamity, they will now state likewise that a commission formed of citizens and assisted by citizens has invited them to attend and witness this solemn act of reparation, and that upon the ruins made by a mob of madmen, the Argentine people, condemning the mob, turns to rebuild a great College.

I beg of Sig. Calvari, our Consul in Italy, who honors us to-day with his presence, that, since he was not able to pro-

nounce those telegrams false which bore to Rome the news of the conflagration, he will now announce to His Holiness that the Argentine republic is removing every trace of the crime; for it would not have that blot attach to the body of a people which boasts of being christian. If this bring consolation to the Father of the Faithful, ask of him, Signor, his blessing on this work, and his prayers, whereby the Almighty may be moved to establish the College del Salvador as a lasting glory of our city, a trophy of our faith and of the aspirations of a free people.

It remains now for our own press to make known and publish to the world at large, that the Argentine people does itself the honor of erecting again at its own expense the walls laid low by a frenzied mob. This will prove that such a spirit of hatred is not a product of our soil, and will never find support among a people who reäct at once, powerfully and resolutely, against every assault upon their liberties. Let us blot out then from our memories and remove from before our faces the disgrace of that unhappy day.

On that day, February 28th, 1875, we had a view of the horrors of Paris, a reflection of the Commune. On February 28th it seemed that our Constitution was a sarcasm—a sarcasm, I say, gentlemen, because all the liberties which it guarantees were trampled under foot, and all the rights which it sanctions were spurned. There was spurned the right of property, when they consigned to the flames a public institution; there was spurned the right of free education, when they pursued and dispersed public professors, and endeavored to frighten the best families of Buenos Ayres from choosing for their sons the teachers they liked best. The very right to existence was trampled under the feet of assassins, when they set on peaceful citizens and attempted to take their lives; for, gentlemen, even the priest is a citizen. They spurned and contemned the right of liberty of conscience, religious freedom, when they profaned with sacrilegious enmity objects the most sacred, and

belonging to that very worship which is proclaimed by our social compact.

Excuse me, gentlemen, if I have uttered my thoughts with undue vehemence: it has more than a sufficient reason in the enormity of the crime perpetrated. In fact, I think as a Catholic and feel as an Argentine citizen: I think and feel like yourselves, gentlemen. And now, in the name of your faith, of liberty, of the most sacred duties of patriotism, I call upon you to lend your support that the ruins of the College del Salvador remain no longer in their present state, to raise a blush of shame for the honor of our country and of civilization.

Buenos Ayres, December 20, 1875.

ASSASSINATION OF DON GARCIA MORENO, PRES. OF THE REPUBLIC OF ECUADOR.

Letter of Father Brugier, Professor of Mathematics in the Polytechnic School of Quito, to the Scholastics of Aix.*

On the 6th of August, 1875, the first Friday of the month and consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Don Garcia Moreno, according to his usual practice, had approached the Sacraments. Returning to his home he put the finishing strokes to his address for the opening session of Congress, which was to be held on the 10th. Scarcely had he completed his task when he received notice, in the first instance from the police, but shortly after from a private

* Fr. Brugier writes: "I send you this account just as I received it from the lips of the Governor and of two eye-witnesses."

source, that his life was threatened. To these ominous communications, the President made no other reply than the single word, "*Cobardia!*" (cowardice). In spite, however, of the slight importance which he himself appeared to attach to this double warning, it is hard to see how the police can be excused for their want of vigilance whilst entertaining suspicions so strong.

One o'clock had just struck when Garcia Moreno left his residence to proceed to the *Palacio del Gubierno*, as the building is called which contains the government offices. As usual, his only companion was a *decano* or adjutant, in citizen's dress and unarmed; for, full of confidence in God, he had always refused the armed escort which his friends, alarmed by the rumors that were afloat of plots laid against his life, had entreated him to accept. His ordinary attendant was Don Martinez, a man of small stature, but vigorous and resolute, and hence held in salutary fear. On the present occasion, however, it happened to be the turn of the second adjutant, who, unfortunately, was not possessed of all the good qualities of his superior.

The Palacio is separated from the Cathedral only by the width of the street. The President entered the church, where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and remained a few moments in deep prayer. Before long, an emissary approached and begged him to hasten to the Palacio, because, as he said, important despatches had just been received from Guayaquil. The President then rose and left the church, followed by the adjutant at a distance of twenty or thirty paces. In front of the Palacio is a Doric colonnade, about thirteen feet in height. Here, between the second and third columns were posted three murderers: Roberto Andrade, a law student, Manuel Cornejo, also a student, and Moncajo, a former pupil of the Jesuits, but expelled from the college. Beside these stood two other wretches: Rayo, a captain degraded from his rank, the chief of this band of assassins, and Campuzano, a fellow

who had already been once condemned to capital punishment. The presence of these men in such a place was in itself nothing unusual or surprising. The traitors even saluted the President very respectfully as he passed, and then followed him up the steps. He was about to enter the building when Rayo, crying out: "Robber! brigand!" struck him on the shoulder with a *machete* (a kind of long and broad knife). Don Garcia Moreno turned upon his assailants; but as he did so he received a severe cut on the left side of the head, and as he attempted to draw his revolver, another blow from the *machete* and a fourfold discharge from the weapons of his adversaries prevented him. Wounded to death, he tried to support himself against a column, but was again struck and fell to the ground. Then Rayo, seizing him with satanic rage, hurled him from the top of the stairs to the pavement below. The four others, as cruel as they were cowardly, again discharged their revolvers upon the dying man. The monster Rayo hastened down the stairs and began to hack with his knife the grey and venerable head of his victim. Meanwhile, the President's attendant had taken to flight with but a slight scratch to prove his fidelity to his chief.

During all this scene of horror, Garcia Moreno uttered not a single word, until he saw Rayo approaching to inflict new wounds; then he said to him, in a half broken voice, "God does not die!" It was only at this point that four soldiers came up, detached from the guard on duty. The commandant of the post, hearing the noise from a distance, had sent them, though with no very clear idea of what was going on. The soldiers threw themselves furiously upon Rayo, who fled with only a slight bayonet wound, but a second and more vigorous thrust from one of his pursuers brought him to the ground. He rose again, but was immediately seized by the soldiers. By this time the commanding officer had come up, and to his exclamation of horror, Rayo replied: "Yes; I have killed the tyrant." At these

words, one of the soldiers, a negro, stepping back a few paces, cried to the murderer: "*Basta, no mas!*" (Enough, no more), and shot him dead on the spot. His corpse, an object of horror to all the soldiers, was thrown by them into a sewer. The rest of the murderers had fled on horses which their accomplices held ready.

Meantime the poor President, horribly disfigured, and bleeding from seventeen wounds, was borne into a side chapel of the Cathedral. He still gave signs of life. Physicians were immediately summoned, and hastened to the spot, but there was no longer any hope. The priest was still able to address some questions to the dying man, who answered him by feeble signs: when the minister of God asked him whether he forgave his murderers, he energetically inclined his head. Then he received absolution and Extreme Unction, and at three o'clock the tolling of the bells announced to Quito that the Republic had lost its father.

If Garcia Moreno's enemies had ever entertained the hope of finding partisans and approvers among the people, they were doomed to complete disappointment. Had any doubt existed as to the sincere love and attachment of the people for the illustrious dead, it must have been dispelled by the heartfelt sorrow for his loss manifested by all classes, as well as by their horror for the atrocity of the deed and their apprehensions for the future. Men, women and children of all ranks, wept and sobbed in the open street. The whole city was in mourning, and for three days the houses remained draped with funeral colors. The people thronged in crowds to the Cathedral, where the body lay in state. The funeral ceremonies were solemn and touching in the extreme. On the monument of the noble victim were inscribed the words: To the Regenerator of Ecuador and the ardent Defender of the Catholic Faith, by his ever-grateful Country.

The officers of the various army corps, the citizens of

Quito, and especially our own good students, spontaneously addressed to the government assurances that the existing order of things should be, on their part, faithfully preserved. Like addresses, no less forcible than touching, were forwarded by the Provinces; nowhere was public order or security disturbed; nowhere was there shown the least defection or even hesitation among the troops: the members of the government, on their part, showed a praiseworthy activity, free from all party spirit. Such facts must astonish anyone who is acquainted with South American manners and customs. Still more surprising was the conduct of the public journals: whatever their peculiar shades of opinion, all loudly condemned the assassination and filled their columns almost entirely with communications on the subject from the different classes of society.

The first care of the government was to institute a search for the murderers and proceed with the inquest. Campuzano, Rayo's most active accomplice, was arrested on the very day of the murder, and was shot the Wednesday following, on the spot where the deed was committed. A few days later, a third of the band, Cornejo, was seized. From an intercepted letter, which he had written to his mother, it was learned that he was lying hid in the neighboring mountain chain of the Cordilleras, on the Pasuchoa, a peak very difficult of access. On the same mountain are situated four little hamlets. When the villagers heard that the criminal was on the peak above, they turned out in a body, cut off on one side, the approach to the heights, and on the other set fire to the long Paramo grass; so that Cornejo, in order to escape the flames, was obliged to fly in the direction where they were awaiting him. In this manner he was taken, and a small body of cavalry then conducted him to Quito, where he was brought before the court. He showed great repentance and detestation for his crime, and himself asked for the death penalty, in order, he said, to make some reparation to his country and his family. On the way to the

principal Plaza, where he was executed, he several times asked pardon of those whom he met; indeed, he died in the best dispositions. In consideration of this fact, his body, an hour after the execution, was delivered to his family, that they might obtain for it christian burial.

The two remaining murderers have not yet been taken, and there seems to be little hope of laying hands upon them; for, to all appearances, they have passed beyond the territory of the Republic.

Some other persons were also arrested; and the sad inquest brought to light the names of about two hundred Liberals, who, either in the city or from a distance, had taken part in the conspiracy. It was not, moreover, the murder alone that the band of assassins had in view. Garcia Moreno once out of the way, they intended to force an entrance into the college of the Jesuits, massacre all whom they might meet, and then, breaking through a thin partition wall on the upper floor, pass into the arsenal adjoining the college, and seize the arms. But the wretches who held themselves in readiness for this part of the enterprise, deprived of their leader by the death of Rayo, and disconcerted by the firm attitude of the people and the army, took to flight without daring to strike a blow. They did not, however, give up their design, but proposed to take the arsenal by surprise during the funeral services, which took place on Monday, the 9th. Their plan was to effect this while the body of the President was being carried in procession from the Cathedral to the church of Blessed Maria Anna de Paredes, the church of the Jesuits. As the soldiers had to form part of the procession, it would have been easy for the conspirators to make an unresisted entrance into the sacristy of the church and thence into the college: another band was to have fallen, at the same moment, upon the ill-guarded posts. The authorities, however, informed of this new plot, dispensed with the transportation of the body, and took measures so effectual as to remove from even the boldest all desire of attempting an outbreak.

During the blessing of the corpse, two emissaries presented themselves at the house of the deceased President's mother-in-law, bearing a message, as they had the effrontery to assert, from the Jesuits: the Fathers begged her, they said, to use her influence to obtain that the original intention of removing the body might be carried out. The lady, with great prudence, sent for more certain information, and thus the falsehood and the snare concealed under it were discovered.

Another treacherous attack made, on the evening of the 10th of August, upon the person of Don Garcia Moreno's nephew, shows in a still clearer light, if possible, of what baseness the President's enemies are capable. This young man, a student of medicine, was suddenly called, at nine o'clock in the evening, to the bedside of a sick person. He fell into the trap, and, at the corner of the cathedral, was treacherously assaulted; but, happily, the two sabre strokes which he received, one upon the head and the other on the side, inflicted no wound. He cried for help, the patrol came up, and the villains took to flight.

It seems almost incredible, but even the President's little son, a child only five or six years old, had been devoted to the dagger; for it was well known that the President was in the habit of taking the boy with him to the Palacio. On the 6th of August, it happened providentially that he did not take him as usual, and thus the child escaped the dreadful fate that was awaiting him. Later on, however, the conspirators endeavored, on two several occasions, to get him into their hands. One evening, about eight o'clock, a stranger came to the child's mother, pretending to have been sent by the Jesuit Father N., in order to conduct her son to the College, where he would be in much greater safety. Of course the message was false and the lady judged it prudent not to trust her son to so suspicious an ambassador. On another occasion, a like proposition was made to the mother, purporting to come from the French nuns: the offer was, happily, declined.

It may naturally be asked by whom all these villainies were planned and carried out. By the Freemasons. Mgr. Vannutelli, formerly Nuncio of the Holy See at Quito, and now at Brussels, learned, before his departure, from the President's own lips, that the latter was expecting the blow. He had received, he said, on good authority, the assurance that his assassination had been resolved upon at a meeting of a lodge held at Lima; and Garcia Moreno even named the very day. This assertion, that the Freemasons directed the whole affair, is fully confirmed, as well by the judicial enquiry, as by a passage from a letter written by the immortal President to the Holy Father. We copy this extract as it was given by the *Osservatore Romano:*

"I beg that your Holiness would deign to give me again your Apostolic benediction; for I have just been reëlected, for six years, President of the Catholic Republic of Ecuador. This new term of my presidency begins on the 30th of August, the day on which I am to take the oath of fidelity to the constitution of the Republic, and when it will become my duty to notify your Holiness officially of my reëlection. Nevertheless, I send you the news to-day and beg your Holiness to pray to God for me that I may show myself a devoted son of our Lord and a submissive servant of His infallible Vicar. Already, at the instigation of Prussia, the neighboring powers are pouring forth against me the grossest insults and calumnies, and are even preparing in secret to assassinate me. I stand more than ever in need of God's help, to live and die a defender of our holy religion, and of this Republic, to the government of which God has called me. Nevertheless, I esteem myself happy in being hated and calumniated because of the love I bear my divine Saviour. It would be my greatest joy if your Holiness' blessing were to obtain for me the grace of shedding my blood for Him Who, God though He is, willingly poured forth His for us, and immolated Himself upon the tree of the cross for our salvation."

What aspect will affairs now assume? What will be the future course of events in this republic? God alone knows. Without doubt, the men of the trowel and apron, the party that calls itself liberal, and boasts itself the standard-bearer of civilization, will not remain idle. Will it gain its end—that is to say, the overthrow of the new constitution? Will the new government follow in the footsteps of Garcia Moreno? All these are mere conjectures. The official proclamation which followed the death of the President seems to offer some guarantees for the maintenance of the present order of things, but only the success of the new presidential election can completely assure the future of the Republic. The proclamation first expresses the deep sorrow which afflicts all the citizens for the death of "Garcia Moreno, that innocent victim, struck down by the blows of infamous assassins; of that good citizen, torn from his country by the most execrable of crimes." The proclamation then continues in these terms: "Our country shall not perish; and we will die a thousand deaths rather than proclaim the reign of crime and parricide which Free-masonry has dared to inaugurate over the corpse of Garcia Moreno. People of Ecuador! imitate the virtue and the constancy of the hero whom we have but now lost; copy the model of his profound piety; remain unshaken, after his example, in maintaining the sacred rights of religion and justice. Alas! Garcia Moreno is no more! Guiltless and generous victim, he has taken his flight to Heaven, where without doubt, he already enjoys the reward of his admirable virtues, while all good men mourn for him and will forever call down blessings on his name. QUITO, Aug. 16th 1875."

The government has remained faithful to these principles. It is still composed of the same elements as before the death of the President: the Minister of the Interior, according to the constitution of the Republic, has become Vice-President, and his former office has been given to the father-in-law of Garcia Moreno. This venerable man is so

far advanced in years that he can scarcely even walk without support; yet by his rare energy and prudence he is the very soul of the Republic. The condition of the army is excellent; and of this all the honor is due to Garcia Moreno. He alone, first as Commander-in chief, afterwards as President, transformed a band of brigands, as it might not unjustly have been called before he took command, into a well-disciplined army, inured to labor and fatigue. He calmed the revolutionary fever that pervaded the staff, and inspired many of its members with true love of country. Still, though there are some true patriots in Ecuador, their number is very small: we see on all sides only petty intrigues, private interest of families, and party spirit, which hamper all good, and, by unhappy divisions, threaten us anew with some great calamity. A proof of this is the very manner in which the canvass is being carried on for the election of a new President on the 17th of next October. One fraction of the Conservatives puts forward as their candidate Don Salazar, a high functionary in the Supreme Court of Justice. He is a prudent man, well versed in affairs of government, and of undoubted integrity; but as one of his brothers is Minister of War, and another, General in active service, and as, moreover, the family already enjoys great influence, many Conservatives were of opinion that such a choice would be too favorable to family interests, and hence unpopular. A second portion lean towards Saënz, an excellent General, under whom we should have every assurance of a prosperous future. But other Conservatives, finding this division in the party of right and order full of danger, nominated, on condition that the two former aspirants should retire, a third candidate, Don Carbajal, an important official in the judiciary, and a former Minister. If anyone is able to save the country, it is certainly this old companion in arms and inseparable friend of Don Garcia Moreno, who, besides his other good qualities, possesses the necessary energy to keep the state officials to

their duty. Moreover, in his case, no family intrigues are possible, for almost all of his relatives have preceded him to the grave. But unfortunately, neither of the other two candidates has retired from the lists: in fact, Don Carbajal himself has thought it his duty, under the circumstances, to withdraw, and has really announced, with a noble unselfishness, all claims to the presidency. Nevertheless, he will still receive some votes, and thus the division of the Conservative party has only been increased by his nomination.

The Liberal party, on the contrary, has from the very first, centred its support upon a single candidate, Borrero, a lawyer of great popularity. The adherents of this party, although nearly all extreme radicals, have prudently contented themselves with Borrero, who is a sincere, practical and zealous Catholic, but withal slightly imbued with Liberalism. Thus they hope to secure a heavy ballot for their candidate, especially as many even of the Conservatives will certainly cast their votes for him.

This is the state of affairs at present in the Republic of Ecuador. It seems that events are about to be unfolded according to the plan of the secret societies in Europe. "First let Garcia Moreno be put out of the way: that alone is quite enough," was their watchword. Once let a Liberal, even the most moderate, sit in the presidential chair, and this is all that could be desired for a first year: the Radicals will know how to dispose of him when it suits their purpose.

NOTE.—On the body of the President, after his death, was found the second part of the discourse which he was to pronounce at the opening of Congress. The following are the closing words of the peroration: "If I have committed any faults, I ask pardon for them again and again; yes, I ask pardon from all my fellow-citizens, with tears that are sincere, and with the consciousness that those faults were at least involuntary. If, on the contrary, you think that I have done any good, oh! attribute it above all to

God and to our Immaculate Lady, who dispenses the inexhaustible riches of His mercy; attribute it to the people, to the army, and to all those who by their services in the different branches of the administration, have sustained me in the discharge of my arduous duties."—[From the *Lettres des Scholastiques d'Aix*].

THE MISSIONS IN CHARLES CO., MD.

St. Thomas, Dec. 31, 1875.

Rev. and Dear Father:

* * * I cannot complain about chills and fevers any more: they, God be blessed, are gone. What a change from my previous life! Here I have made, since my arrival August 29, on horseback or in the buggy, nearly a thousand miles: to this day, nine hundred and sixty-two miles, and ten more this P. M., and no frolicking about it, I assure you. For instance take Christmas season. Thursday, the 23, off on the way to Cobb Neck; Friday, Mass at a station. At such stations, the neighbors come together for confessions, etc. N. B.—Strictioris observantiæ and fast in the country. The 25th, first Mass at five o'clock at Ign. Lancaster's; a nice little congregation; fifteen confessions. Off by daylight to the Church; second Mass, confessions; High Mass, sermon, Benediction, etc.; ten o'clock a hurried breakfast in the crowded little sacristy. Plenty of invitations to Xmas dinners, but the afternoon was spent in the church waiting for a marriage till 6 o'clock P. M. Then drove through the dark, damp woods (and oh, what roads!) to the night quarters, almost sick, I must confess this time,

with fatigue; but the cheerful, kind reception of my hosts and a good night's rest fixed all right again for Sunday's work, which ran as usual. Crowds of confessions; High Mass, sermon, Benediction; hurried breakfast, and then off for Newport district, where, at a station, I held service on Monday morning the 27th, and was home at St. Thomas after one o'clock P. M. The Superior was away on a sick call or station work; the Brother was sick in bed; the cook nowhere to be found, but the solitary drumstick of a Christmas turkey, found in an unprotected pantry, with the inevitable pork, strengthened the weary missionary.

A note left by the Superior informed me of a sick call to the (to me) unexplored Indian territory of the Chickamoxen. So, Tuesday morning, according as the note directed, I left for Chickamoxen, the rain pouring down. Away down the hills and up the hills, through swamps and woods, through mud, water and rain, Chickamoxen lies between Cornwallis Neck and Nanjemoy, along the Potomac, a lonesome and spiritually a very forsaken district, with few Catholics. But an old colored man, born in 1801, wanted to die a Catholic. So I instructed him as well as I could, baptized that seventy-four year old child, heard his confession, and next day brought him Holy Communion. I stayed all night, about a mile from the old man's cabin, with a poor Catholic family, and said Mass there on Wednesday morning. The holy simplicity of the old man and his consolation to see the priest, as also the consolation of this poor family, with eleven children, of whom the eldest is only eighteen years old, paid me well for this Christmas frolic of the excursion to the Chickamoxen. I got home Wednesday night.

I praise God and sincerely thank Him, that he has given me and continues to give excellent health and strength, and, I trust and pray, also a perfect will to do something for His glory. The wandering life I lead—I had in these four months twenty-five different night quarters—reminds me that we have no permanent dwelling place in this world;

and every sick call I attend, and every confession I hear, and every communion I give, gives me some more little hope that our Lord will be merciful to me in life and death.

B. F. WIGET, S. J.

OSAGE MISSION.

RESIDENCE OF ST. FRANCIS OF HIERONYMO,
OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO CO., KANSAS,
January 1st, 1876.

DEAR FATHER:

The year just gone has been for us one of trials and also one of wonders. The common impression at the beginning of last year was that we had to look for nothing less than a dreadful famine. The crops of 1874 having proved almost a total failure, all our hope was in the wheat sowed during the fall of that year, but the severe winter and dry spring that followed began to diminish our expectations, and when at the opening of last March we saw our fields and gardens covered with legions of locusts we indeed gave it up. People who had any means began to lay in provisions to last them for one year, those who were not able to do it left the country.

April, May and June passed and nothing green could be seen, with the exception of some wheat and oats on the high prairies, and the grass, so much needed in this country where so many herds of cattle are depending upon it for their existence, was not yet coming out. Horses as well as cattle could be seen roaming about in a starving condition, feeding on brushwood and the lower limbs of the trees

which they were stripping as far as they could reach. This state of affairs was really discouraging, and was made still worse by different reports, daily coming in, of several deaths occasioned by want of food. And though in some instances there was exaggeration in such reports, yet it is certain that during last winter and spring several died of starvation in this part of Kansas.

There was no time to lose; the depressed spirit of our people was to be aroused, and the best way to succeed in this, was that of applying to prayer. We therefore announced to our congregation that we would make some solemn processions, to move God to be merciful to us. Our plan was favorably received, and people came in good numbers to attend the processions. We had the first on St. Patrick's day, and on each of the Rogation days we again marched out, singing the Litanies of the Saints and blessing the fields. Some of our Protestant and infidel neighbors were very much surprised at this public demonstration of faith, but we did not mind them and on we went.

At the end of June, though the locusts had diminished, yet large numbers of them could be seen, especially along the Neosho river. There was not a blade of grass in the woods, nor a vegetable in the gardens, and the corn though planted and re-planted many times, would not show itself; for as soon as it sprouted out it was devoured by the invading insects. The trees indeed were covered with new leaves, but the ground was as bare as in winter time.

Such was the condition of this country till the beginning of July, when at last a change took place for the better. With the opening of this month heavy clouds began to appear in the sky, and rain fell in abundance, so that in a few days the whole country was flooded. With this the locust invasion was over. Vegetation which had been generally interrupted now takes a new start: plants grow luxuriantly, and the much needed grass began at last to sprout upon these interminable western plains, which now

seem covered with a beautiful emerald carpet strewn over with a variety of flowers. The farmers feel encouraged, and losing no time, they go to work re-planting their corn and vegetables. God blesses their labor in a way that no one ever expected; and after all the fear that we should have a dreadful famine, we on the contrary gathered an abundance, not only unexpected, but I might say unprecedented, of all kinds of cereals.

In consequence of this, our people are cheered up, they appear very contented, and acknowledge that God indeed heard their prayers. We could not get a better opportunity to call on them to come and comply with the conditions necessary for gaining the great indulgence of the Jubilee. We therefore invited them to come during eight days to assist at some spiritual exercises. They came most willingly, and the attendance was always large. Every day we marched in procession, reciting the beads, to an oratory of the Immaculate Virgin, which some years since we erected in our garden. Our Protestant neighbors who have noticed the result of our last processions, seem now to have more respect for this exhibition of christian faith. The Jubilee here was a real success, and brought to their religious duties persons, who for many years had neglected to comply with them.

About the middle of July, our Superior, Father John Schoenmakers left with Br. Thomas O'Donnell for the Indian Territory, to visit the Osages and give them an opportunity of making their Jubilee. But unforeseen circumstances did not allow him to carry his plan into execution. Just about that time a committee of United States officers having been sent from Washington to investigate the conduct of J. T. Gibson, U. S. Agent for the Osages, a great excitement was created among these Indians, who well knew that this committee would do them no justice.

While this was going on Fr. Schoenmakers fell sick at the Osage Agency on Bird river, which at that place is called

Deep Ford. In a few days his sickness became almost fatal, and might have proved such but for the great care with which he was attended by the half-breeds, and especially by the Doctor of the Agency, who though neither a Catholic nor a friend of Ours, yet did the best he could. All this kept our Superior absent from this Mission for two months; at last on the 25th of September he returned to us.

During these last seven years the Osages repeatedly sent petitions to the President of the United States, asking him to restore to them our Mission, but to no purpose; for the only answer they received from the Indian Department was, that they had a very good school at the Agency (a Quaker school) and that was sufficient. But as this answer could not satisfy them, at last the Indian Department allowed them to send some of their children to our Institution. On the 29th of October, forty-three Osage boys and eleven half-breed girls came here to be educated. The boys remained with us, and the girls were sent to the Sisters of Loretto, not far distant from our house.

About the end of November I visited the Osages on their Reservation, and they as usual received me most kindly. But their Agent treated me rather roughly. He would not allow the very few Catholic Osage children, who are yet at the Agency's school, to come to hear Mass on the Sunday I was there. I remonstrated that they had a right to come to Mass, and to receive instruction in their religion, and that moreover such was the wish of their parents; but all to no purpose.

From the Agency on Deep Ford I came to visit the half-breeds and invited them to make their Jubilee. They came in good number at the appointed places to hear Mass and to approach the Sacraments. I was really edified at their devotion. These Osage half-breeds are not very many, but are quite industrious, and this year they have good crops, spite of the opposition carried on against them by their Agent, who far from assisting them, as it is his duty, tries

rather to break them down, because they are Catholics, and stick to their faith most firmly. They submit with christian fortitude and resignation to this persecution, and seldom would you hear them complaining about it. Their principal settlement is along the river Cana, and the lands they cultivate are most fertile. They apply themselves exclusively to agriculture; God has blessed them so far, and they are prospering.

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

INDIAN MISSIONS—LAKE HURON.

Letter from Fr. Choné to the Councillors of the Propagation of the Faith.

WIKWEMIKONG, MANITOULINE ISLAND,
November 22d, 1875.

GENTLEMEN:

The Manitouline Mission numbers about 2532 Catholic Indians and 555 whites, also Catholics. There are besides, some 790 Indian Methodists and 342 heathens. This population is scattered through thirty-two stations, of which the principal on Manitouline Island are Wikwemikong or Holy Cross, the residence of the missionaries, Mitchikiwatinong, Wikwemikonsing, Atchitawniganing and Chichigwaning. The village of Wikwemikong alone contains more than seven hundred souls, and goes on increasing, not by immigration, but by its own natural growth. Last year's returns (1874) are a good example of their material civilization. They harvested between fifteen and sixteen hun-

dred bushels of wheat, besides Indian corn and other cereals, and potatoes in abundance. Formerly the village lots were scarcely ever tilled, but now every house has its garden and the fences may, in general, be called elegant. From year to year the houses are becoming more numerous and are improving in appearance, both within and without. The live stock census of 1874 gives 104 horses, 219 head of horned cattle, 226 sheep, besides pigs and poultry; but, by the way, the number of dogs—the inseparable friends and servants of the Indian—has diminished by one-half, and we do not regret it. As to farming implements, the supply is in proportion with the foregoing figures. The other villages are imitating Wikwemikong.

The girls' school, under the direction of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Mary (*Filles du S. C. de Marie*), has no small share in civilizing our Indians. It is a real school of arts and manufactures for the young squaws. The establishment is provided with weaving looms, cards and spinning wheels: moreover, there are already a great many of these in the Indian dwellings, as each family is anxious to increase the number of sheep and thus produce more wool.

The same year (1874), his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, on his way to Sault Ste. Marie with our Vicar Apostolic, Mgr. Jamot, wished to visit Wikwemikong. His astonishment at what he saw reminded one of the Queen of Saba at the court of Solomon. Three times a year, on the two festivals of the Holy Cross (the Invention and the Exaltation), and on All Souls' Day we have a grand procession to the cemetery, where the graves are adorned with the Indians' most precious treasures, shawls, pieces of calico, etc.; on witnessing this ceremony, the Archbishop was visibly sensitive of the atmosphere of faith in which we were moving. He requested that everybody should go and kneel on the graves of their relatives. Immediately the procession broke up and the cemetery was straightway covered with the Indian faithful praying with their Pastor

for the repose of the suffering souls. "See," he exclaimed, "how well these good Indians know the last resting place of their dead, and how earnestly they are praying!"

At a meeting of the leading men of the village, his Grace congratulated them on their faith, seeing that they had not received the word of God in vain, and on their progress in the path of civilization. He went on to promise that he would see about setting up an industrial school in their village for the benefit of the whole mission. Our good Indians were not slow to appreciate this promise, and they are looking forward to its fulfilment.

Mgr. Jamot left the Archbishop at Holy Cross and started off in true missionary style, in a small skiff, with a tent for the night, a piece of salt pork and some bread in his wallet, to visit, in another part of the island, the village which ranks next in importance after Holy Cross. When he got there, he was delighted with this little Indian Reduction: a neat, pretty church, houses in good trim, fields well tilled and covered with plentiful crops. He was especially struck with the respect which these new Christians, commonly spoken of as savages, show their priests.

As he had taken only a hurried look at Wikwemikong, he resolved to return the following year and then see some of the other villages. He had sent us word that he wished to be here for All-Hallow-tide; but the unusually severe storms which made many wrecks on our lakes, stopped the steamboats that would have brought him to Killarney, a port and little half-breed village about five leagues by water from Holy Cross.

It was the 3d of November, and half-past seven in the evening, before he came to us, shivering with cold and very hungry. The ringing of the bell warned the Indians that their long looked for Bishop was in their midst. Next morning, at six o'clock, the first bell, rung in three full peals, made the faithful crowd into the church. His Lordship, after his Mass, said a few words of affectionate and

joyful greeting, and announced that he would give Confirmation on the following day, the first Friday of the month, a day on which we always have exposition of the Blessed Sacrament morning and evening, in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

On the morning of Saturday, the chiefs sent their messenger to ask if Mgr. Jamot would receive a deputation. His Lordship was well pleased with their request; so they came at the appointed time. The Bishop spoke to them with genuine fatherly kindness, and renewed the Archbishop's promise, adding that, though he could do nothing as yet during the ensuing year, he would certainly attend to the matter the year after next. One of his Grace's intentions in founding this establishment is the forming of good catechists and schoolmasters — a great want at present, owing to those vultures, especially of the Methodist kind, who come with what is called civilization and swoop down upon our little colonies so long peaceful, not to carry captive heathen souls, but to rend asunder the Catholic flock.

When is Lordship had done speaking, the first chief rose, and after reviewing in a remarkably apt and happy manner the many advantages for which he and his fellows felt themselves beholden to the Bishops who sent them missionaries—the knowledge of God and of their duties, the blessing of instruction for their children, the girls' industrial school, the fruits of this institution which are constantly increasing under the watchful care of the *Anamiëikwénak* (nuns), their own progress in farming, etc.—he thanked his Lordship, saying (with that unceremonious *thee*ing and *thou*ing—*tutoiement*—for which there is no English equivalent): "I who speak to thee, do not speak alone. All those whom thou seest here with me, as well as all our brethren whom we represent, speak to thee down in their hearts in the same way. We see in thy words and in thy presence here at this season, the love which thou bearest to us and the interest which thou dost take in thy childrens'

welfare. Enjoy in thy heart the blessings which thou makest us enjoy, and speak to God that we may use them well, in order that we may be happy in the abode of light."

His Lordship then gave each of the chiefs a little cross, and medals to the others. Not being able to visit, as he at first intended, at least one of the neighboring villages, he took his leave of us on the Saturday afternoon, escorted by two boats manned by twenty men. From the boat in which he was, he solemnly gave his episcopal blessing to the kneeling crowd, which had followed him to the shore in grand procession, with the cross at their head, with altar-boys and a long line of little girls dressed in white.

This year, his Lordship having obtained from the Department of Indian Affairs subsidies (which have not yet come), we have opened schools in the four other villages on the Island. Many other places stand in great need of schoolmasters, thanks to the above-mentioned vultures, who allure our neophytes with the prospect of an English education, a bait which easily turns the head of our poor Indians.

We have also added to the residence of the Sisters (*Filles du S. C. de Marie*) two stories at a cost of two thousand dollars which we had asked the Indian Department for this purpose; but the Bishop could get only one thousand. More than fifteen hundred are needed to make the first story at least habitable; thus the deficit is all on our shoulders. We even deem ourselves fortunate in having been able to make room, little though it be, for the twelve orphan girls in the house and for those whom Providence will enable us to receive. Throughout the whole mission there are very many of these motherless girls, Catholic, Protestant and heathen, who might all be admitted into this house; but funds are wanting, and so we are obliged to keep within bounds.

I have the honor to be with respect and gratitude, gentlemen, your most humble and obedient servant,

P. Choné, S. J.

Letter of Fr. Nadeau to Very Rev. Fr. T. Caraux.

WIKWEMIKONG, November, 29, 1875.

REV. FATHER,

P. C.:

There has been a long gap since my last letter, but I was so overwhelmed with work that it was unavoidable. Even breviary has to lie over till night time, when, too, the most pressing letters have to be answered. Very often have I tried to write to you; but just as often had to give it up, when fairly under way. Duties take up every minute of my time, and even my good old father and mother are fortunate if they hear from me once or twice a year. However, I hope that by next spring, when Fr. Hébert is stronger in health and on the score of Indian phraseology, my burden will be somewhat lighter. Meantime I am on the run from morning till night, and from one year's end to the other. Not that I complain, for, while God gives me strength, it shall be spent in His service and for His greater glory; but you will understand how I can hardly be much of a letter writer.

Since your Reverence was here last, I have been continually on the march. Just as I got back to Killarney, from my missions in the dioceses of Toronto and Hamilton, news came that the bishop was to arrive by the next boat. I accordingly remained over, and brought him with me up to Wikwemikong. His Lordship spent two whole days there, and was never weary of telling me how delighted he was with his visit, with the faith of the Indians, and the profound respect they showed him. After confirming about thirty children, he set out on his return. When his departure was announced, all the Indians of the village came trooping in; and when the bishop finally bade them good-

bye, they formed in procession and escorted him down to the shore. His Lordship once more gave them his blessing and we started for Killarney.

We now had another chance to admire the earnest faith of the Indians. There were many of them encamped all along the shore and on the islands of the lake, and as soon as they saw our boat in the distance, men, women and children would invariably hurry down to the water's edge and throw themselves on their knees for the bishop's blessing. His Lordship did not stint them, but scattered benedictions right and left incessantly. He was continually exclaiming: "What faith in these poor Indians! What faith!" We reached Killarney Saturday night; next morning he administered Confirmation to some children, and in the afternoon the steamboat arrived which was to take him to Toronto. Next spring he will return to Wikwemikong for the feast of Corpus Christi, and will then visit Manitoulin and the neighboring missions.

I did not go back straight to Wikwemikong, but went to look after some Indians scattered here and there through the country. I had time only for my annual retreat which I begin to-night; and I am sorely in need of it to gain strength for the battles of every description I have to fight here, especially against a pack of Methodist preachers who keep pestering us in every conceivable way. True, I have only to show myself to put them to flight; but as soon as I am gone they appear again and succeed only too often in corrupting the hearts of our poor Indians. The very devil seems to keep them supplied with agents and money! and the Indians not being sufficiently instructed to detect their artifices are actually being bought over body and soul by these wretches. A tribe of teachers generally follow in the track of the ministers, and by means of a good salary with promise of more and a prospect of becoming preachers themselves, as soon as they get a few unfortunate people together, are kept continually on the alert. It is easy to

understand how our missions are exposed, unless we can contrive to have catechists here and there, to support the weak and instruct and convert those who are not yet baptized. The easy Methodist doctrine which insists on nothing but baptism and the addition of a name to its lists, while it leaves the convert in his former ignorance and superstition, with his vanity excited and his gross passions very often ministered to, are but too likely to be attractive to the lazy nature of the Indian.

How then can I rest? When so many foes are to be faced, every instant is precious. It is useless to say, "Take care; do not kill yourself before the time." It would be like advising a general to spare himself when his troops are imperilled, or a shepherd when wolves are devouring his sheep, or a father whose children are in danger of perishing. Inaction then would be treason.

Such, reverend father, has been my situation these three years past. How can I rest when there is question of immortal souls whom God has redeemed and given me to take care of! I am still able to fight and, if need be, to die on the battle field, and if my body is some of these days found under the snow or floating down the river, will it not be all the better? I have already looked death in the face pretty closely, many times, but God Who saved me then, almost miraculously, can do it again, if He wants me to work any longer for His service and glory. Besides, even if I did wish to rest, I could scarcely well do it, as the bishop keeps finding new missions which are hard to get at or much exposed to these Methodist attacks, and hands them over to me; and as he has been so kind to us all along, I don't feel it in my heart to refuse, especially, as many of them lie on my route.

Do not think, reverend father, I write all this to complain. Far from it; but it is to let you know the critical condition of our missions and the extreme need we have of another father among us, who can prepare himself for this

sort of life before dear old Fr. Choné goes to the grave, and that may happen at any moment. True, Fr. Hébert will soon be ready, but suppose Fr. Choné or your humble servant were to die, what would become of our work here? What is Fr. B. doing? Has he given up all idea of his Indian missions, in spite of his knowlege of the language which he acquired so soon? Is it true that Fr. C. is only waiting for a word from you to come and share our labors? Send us, I beg you, reverend father, another recruit soon, before the burden grows too heavy for me, or some of the missions have to be given up.

When my retreat is over, with the help of God, I shall strap on my snow shoes for the winter's tramp. By the time my letter reaches you, I shall already be a good distance off. Give my respects to Fr. Mc Donell, and do not forget, in your Holy Sacrifices and other prayers, the poor Indian missionary, who is your Reverence's

Most obedient servant in Christ,

P. Nadeau, S. J.

J. ALFRED GOUGH, NOVICE, S. J.

Novices are always of especial interest to the whole Society. Whether the hard working missionary snatch a few moments from his busy day to read this account, or the weary professor soothe his tired mind with happy recollections which this may suggest, or the patient student look back to the happiness he but a short while ago left, all will see a picture of a good novice, which must recall happy remembrances.

Br. Alfred Gough is a name that now shines with peculiar brightness in the annals of our Novitiate. Around it cluster those delicate virtues, so charming to the hearts of religious; early blossoms, which diffuse sweet perfume in the paradise of God. A youth of such genuine sweetness,—in whose heart was the innocence of childhood, on whose brow the modesty of religion, in whose whole bearing a model son of St. Ignatius—is an example sent for the comfort and edification of all. Such was Br. Alfred Gough, the angel of our Novitiate, whose happy career was so short that we can hope to draw but an imperfect outline of his beautiful character.

Alfred was born 15 July, 1859, of an old Catholic family of Maryland, which we can trace back to the landing of Fr. White, and the first settlement of St. Mary's, which was the birth place of our Brother. The happy days of childhood were passed amid the pleasant scenes of his native place. He attended one of the little day-schools of the district and left home for the first time to study at Conewago, before entering the Novitiate. We know little more of his early life, than what is said in the Gospel of the childhood of Jesus. In a letter from his mother, at the news of her son's death, we have a beautiful testimony to his innocence: "His whole life, from childhood, has been one of innocence and goodness for which, I hope, he is now reaping his reward in Heaven." During two years study at Conewago, he was the same innocent, openhearted lad, that so beautified those natural virtues, by a short career of religious life. Next, we see him as a novice; and surely, there could not have shone from the countenance of the saints, a more beautiful innocence and candor of soul.

In the beginning, his ardent nature felt it somewhat hard, to bear the continual restraint of religious training; but no sooner did he comprehend the spirit of the novitiate, than he embraced it with all his soul. In his holy simplicity, he looked upon the minutest customs of the novices, as inva-

riably sacred, and with a manly spirit, he did not flinch from observing them under any circumstances.

It was his duty, as sacristan, to supply the rooms of the house with holy water. When any of the inmates thought to commend him for his carefulness in this office, or exchange a few words with him, his only answer was a smile or a modest bow of the head. This exactness, which was noticed by all, he extended to all the minutiæ of novice life.

Novices, who so easily perceive the least fault, looked upon him as an example of fidelity in all things; which is certainly no slight praise. From his gait, gesture, words, looks and his whole bearing, beamed the beautiful virtue of modesty. In him was verified the saying, "Mens sana in corpore sano;" for, we might here add, his appearance was most pleasing. He was slenderly built, but well proportioned, light in his carriage and sprightly, but modest withal. His actions were unaffected, still, something seemed to enhance all he did, whether it was exactness, modesty, charity or innocence, certainly, there was virtue revealed that pervaded his whole being.

It is especially in unguarded conversation, that the hidden sentiments of hearts are revealed. From his language, it was evident what thoughts were uppermost in his mind. There was one that was most congenial to his nature, and that shows forth better than anything else the tendency of his innocent affections. It was devotion to the Infant Jesus. This was his favorite topic of conversation, this was his favorite subject of meditation, and as we know from himself, it was as an Infant he loved to look upon our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and wait upon Him in his office of sacristan.

So lived Br. Gough amongst us, the general favorite of the house, on account of his goodness. Great were the hopes of Superiors and bright the expectations of all for his future career. Shall we say they were all blasted by conquering death, or all soon crowned by a happy death?

On the Epiphany, the novices began the long retreat. Some time before this, Br. Gough asked them all to pray for him, as he did not expect to live long. He remarked the same to Fr. Minister; his excellent health and happy spirits, only gained for him incredulous smiles. But he told some not to be surprised, if they heard the "De Profundis" bell ring for him before the end of their retreat. His earnestness was noticed by all the novices, but little did any of them think that this good-bye was to be his last. He made his general confession at the beginning of this retreat, and if we could judge of his feelings, from the tone and manner in which he said the "culpa," for his past disedification, they must have been akin to the repentance of the innocent Aloysius. About the last week of the long retreat (Jan. 28), he was confined to his bed by a serious attack of erysipelas. His illness grew rapidly more dangerous, so that in a few days, the last Sacraments were administered. There was sadness in the house, for he gradually grew fainter and fainter, until, to all appearances, he was dying; still, he recovered from his agony. Immediately arose the spirits of the whole Community, prayers were redoubled, hopes entertained by all.

It was the eve of the last day of the retreat. All had assembled for the points of the morrow's meditation. Hardly had the patrons been announced, when the first peal of the Community bell sent a thrill of fear into every heart. There was a momentary silence;—again the shrill sound is heard —a sound of mourning for us, of exultation for him, whose pure soul had taken its flight. (Feb. 3, 9.20 P. M.) It was with difficulty the exercise could be continued, on account of the emotions of grief expressed by all. Such was the impression made by the death of Br. Gough.

The many little touching scenes of piety, that surround the dying hours of holy souls, were not wanting here. In taking his medicine and nourishment, in speaking, praying and the many other circumstances of illness, his obedience

was a picture of the spirit of the Society : "perinde ac cadaver." So long as he retained the use of his senses, he was always fearful, lest he should miss the time of meditation or examen. He spoke much of the Infant Jesus. Once, taking the crucifix in his hands, he told those in the room to kneel down, while he prayed for them to the Holy Infant. He then broke forth into tender aspirations, asked for patience in his trial and pardon for any impatience he might have shown in his illness; all in such an humble and fervent tone, that those present were much moved. And it was truly wonderful, that one so young and of such an ardent temperament, should have had so much power over himself, during so painful a trial as his must have been.

Beautiful and edifying as was his life, so, calm and holy was his death. We subjoin the sentiments of his fellow novices :—We miss him very much, but we feel sure he now looks down upon us from his heavenly home. He took such interest in our joys and sorrows, when amongst us, now, certainly, in Heaven, his love for us must be greater. He was our example in the Novitiate, now we have him for a patron.—These, too, are the sentiments of all that knew him, for we all loved him, we all miss the innocent novice.

L. D. S.